





MEN WITH A MISSION.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

MEN WITH A MISSION.

NEW SERIES OF POPULAR BIOGRAPHIES.



Illustrated. Small Crown 8vo.

Price Fifty Cents each.

HENRY MORTON STANLEY.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

HUGH LATIMER.

WILLIAM TYNDALE.

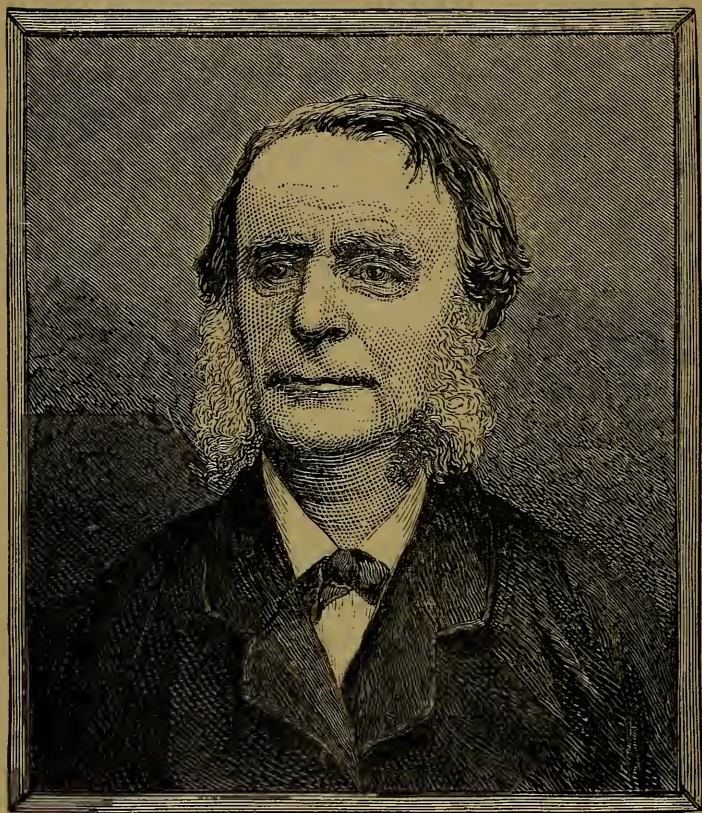
In Preparation.

JOHN HOWARD.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

LORD LAWRENCE.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.



MADE FROM A DUSTY

LIBRARY

MAR 12 1881

CHARLES KINGSTON

REV. JAMES J. HENRY

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN BOOK CONCERN, 15 N. 2ND ST.

THE AMERICAN BOOK CONCERN, 15 N. 2ND ST., NEW YORK, HAS THE HONOR TO ANNOUNCE THAT THE REV. JAMES J. HENRY, D.D., HAS COMPLETED HIS WORK ON THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, FROM 1492 TO 1876. THE WORK IS NOW READY FOR PUBLICATION, AND WILL BE SOLD AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE, IN ORDER TO MAKE IT ACCESSIBLE TO ALL. THE WORK IS A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, FROM 1492 TO 1876, AND IS A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, FROM 1492 TO 1876.

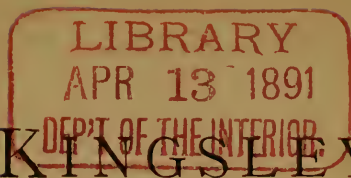
NEW YORK

AMERICAN BOOK CONCERN

15 N. 2ND ST.



MEN WITH A MISSION.



CHARLES KINGSLEY.

BY

REV. JAMES J. ELLIS,

AUTHOR OF

"HENRY MORTON STANLEY," "JOHN WILLIAMS," "HARNESS FOR A PAIR,"
ETC. ETC.

"I should advise a constant use of the biography of good men, their inward feelings, prayers, &c."—Dr. ARNOLD.

"Faith in the God Triune, the God-made man,
Sole light wherein I walk, and walking burn;
And they that walk with me, shall burn like me,
By faith."

—LEGENDS OF ST. PATRICK.

,
, , ,
, ,
, , ,
, , ,

NEW YORK:
THOMAS WHITTAKER,
2 & 3 BIBLE HOUSE.

PR4843
E4

PRINTED IN ENGLAND.

By Transfer

JUN 6 1907

CC
CC
CC
CC
CC
CC

P R E F A C E.

CHARLES KINGSLEY was pre-eminently a man with a mission, and a mission that he discharged most efficiently. He was the prophet of the present life, and as such he endeavoured to show how near and beautiful God is to those who will look for Him. His was the teaching of the Psalmist: "The earth is full of the glory of the Lord: the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof."

And Kingsley endeavoured also to correct the monkish superstition which makes piety synonymous with asceticism. "Who ever heard of a fat saint?" asked a recent speaker. The well-being of the soul has indeed been too often associated with the ill-being of the body, and many pursuits and pastimes have been branded too readily as sinful. Muscular Christianity will never be popular except amongst muscular men; but the healthier view that

prevails with regard to cricket and other sports is largely to be attributed to Kingsley's influence.

His influence upon the Christian Church was not wholly good, but, taken altogether, it will, we think, be found that Charles Kingsley was a man of God who lived and laboured for men.

HARRINGAY, LONDON, N., *July* 1890.

CONTENTS.



CHAPTER I.

LOST IN THE WILDERNESS; OR, THROUGH THICKET AND TANGLE.

	PAGES
"MAKING PEOPLE STARE" — "HIS PALLOR IS HIS BEAUTY" — A DREADFUL OBJECT - LESSON—THE MAN WHO DID MAKE MISTAKES—COLD MUTTON AND HERESY—INTO THE RANKS AT LAST . . .	1-13

CHAPTER II.

THE WILD MAN OF THE WOODS; OR, ESAU ALSO A BROTHER.

THE BEST FOR HIM—WORKING WHILE WAITING—A BROTHER, AND THEREFORE A HELPER—THE IRON THAT DEFLECTED THE NEEDLE—A BIRTH AND HONOURS—THE GOSPEL OF WORK—CHILDREN OF GOD, AND THEREFORE SALVABLE	14-20
--	-------

CHAPTER III.

BLAZING A PATH; OR, SHOWING TO OTHERS THE WAY HOME.

FILLING UP A GAP WITH LEAVES—A CANDID FRIEND —"ONLY A BARKER"—THOMAS COOPER—"YEAST"—BURNING THE CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS—INVALIDED—AT WORK AGAIN	21-32
---	-------

CHAPTER IV.

*THE MODERN CRUSADER; OR, THE VIKING OF A
NEW AGE.*

PAGES

WORK ! WORK ! WORK !—ONE ENEMY AFTER ANOTHER
—MISUNDERSTOOD, AND THEREFORE HATED—THE
GOSPEL OF SOAP AND WATER—ASSAILED IN THE
HOUSE OF HIS FRIENDS—EXHAUSTED, BUT NOT
BEATEN 33-40

CHAPTER V.

*THE GOSPEL OF THIS LIFE; OR, THE APOSTLE
TO THE OUTCASTS.*

MAKING ALLOWANCES—THE SACRED SABBATH—CON-
STRAINED TO SPEAK—"HYPATIA"—NOT UPON
THE FATHERS, BUT UPON CHRIST—MORE LIGHT
BEYOND 41-48

CHAPTER VI.

STRIFE ABROAD, BUT PEACE AT HOME.

THE CRIMEAN BLUNDERS AND SUFFERINGS—TEACHING
THE NEGLECTED—WE ARE PENCILS—AT HOME A
KING—MARRIAGE NOT FOR THIS LIFE ALONE . 49-58

CHAPTER VII.

*MISUNDERSTOOD; OR, DIFFERENT, AND THERE-
FORE WRONG.*

CONVERTED BY FEAR—SUFFERING FOR FAITHFULNESS
—INDIAN MUTINY AND ITS HORRORS—THE CHIL-
DREN IN DANGER—PREACHING BEFORE PRINCES
—THE INEQUALITIES OF LIFE 50

CHAPTER VIII.

*THE SOLDIER IN A BLACK COAT; OR, NO PEACE
HERE.*

PAGES

APPOINTED PROFESSOR—DEATH OF HIS FATHER—IS
PRAYER OF ANY AVAIL?—WATCHED WITH RAT'S
EYES—DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT—SCIENCE NOT
OPPOSED TO THE BIBLE 65-72

CHAPTER IX.

'GAINST POPES OF VARIOUS DEGREE.

"THRASH THEM WELL"—CONTROVERSY WITH NEW-
MAN—VISIT TO SPAIN—THE TWO REVELATIONS—
THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR—ATTACKED AGAIN . 73-81

CHAPTER X.

APPRECIATED TOO LATE; OR, TRUE AFTER ALL.

CANON OF CHESTER—TAKING ROOT ONCE MORE—"ALL
OVER BUT THE SHOUTING!"—LAST WORDS—INTO
NEW AND HIGHER SERVICE 82-88

CHAPTER XI.

DEAD, BUT YET SPEAKING.

HERO-WORSHIP—GOOD IN THE WORST AND BAD IN
THE BEST OF MEN—KINGSLEY'S FAULTS OF DE-
FECT CHIEFLY—HIS INFLUENCE LIKELY TO LAST 89-103



CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER I.

LOST IN THE WILDERNESS; OR, THROUGH THICKET AND TANGLE.

“God had destined to do more
Through him than through an armed power.
God gave him reverence of laws,
Yet stirring blood in freedom’s cause,
A spirit to the rocks akin,
The eye of the hawk, and the fire therein.”

—COLERIDGE.

“MAKING PEOPLE STARE”—“HIS PALLOR IS HIS BEAUTY”
—A DREADFUL OBJECT-LESSON—THE MAN WHO DID
MAKE MISTAKES—COLD MUTTON AND HERESY—INTO
THE RANKS AT LAST.

“THERE is in human nature,” said Dr Johnson,
“a general inclination to make people stare, and
every wise man has to cure himself of it, and he
does cure himself. If you wish to make people
stare by doing better than others, why, make them
stare until they stare their eyes out! But consider
how easy it is to make people stare by being

absurd. I may do it by going into a drawing-room without my shoes." Which witness is still true, and the counsel is requisite even for this generation; nor is the liking for admiration which is the secret of this longing to make others stare altogether wrong. For a man who does not regard the opinions of others is wholly lost to good, and praise and blame are signposts upon the right way of life. It is, therefore, no fault of the subject of this sketch that he possessed in a very remarkable degree this stare-compelling power of the better kind; he was hated, resisted, excommunicated by many, but Charles Kingsley could not be ignored. For good or for evil, his influence is still powerful amongst us, and in his own way he certainly fulfilled a mission which subserves the grand purpose of Christ. His magnificent mental accomplishments, his original gifts of thought and of expression, mark him as a unique man among the many great men of this age. Miss Jewsbury said of her friend Jane Welsh Carlyle, that she could construct a story about a broom-handle, and that, further, she could render the narrative interesting. Which faculty, while it is largely a feminine accomplishment and monopoly, is to some extent an essential for all effective teaching. For dulness is not a quality of truth, but is rather the mixture of alloy which an unskilful workman has blended with the fine gold. (Or, to change the figure, all real teaching is like water, inviting, clear, and refreshing

just in proportion as it is pure. (It is, therefore, a mark of mental and spiritual poverty when our testimony fails to attract.) Charles Kingsley possessed a diction which was undoubtedly a part of his endowment, and it enabled him to set his message to such music that it became a pleasant song to those who heard it. While, strictly speaking, the prophet is distinct from his message, yet it is also true that the peculiarities and excellences of the lamp are the work of the Fountain of Light, and are therefore to be considered as His gift. The influence of Charles Kingsley upon the age can only be estimated correctly when we understand what he was in himself, for he in his excellences was given to subserve the interests of the Gospel.

It is always needful in considering a life to bear strongly in mind the important influence that is exerted upon character by things that are wholly beyond human control and choice. Thus it is already a call from God to holiness when a man is born of pious parents whose ambition it is that he should excel them in Christian service, while it is an additional difficulty when strength must be exerted in removing the dead weight of an evil training before ascending the mountains. Both sets of conditions are arranged by God, and of course with unerring wisdom.

In the case of Charles Kingsley, he started in life under highly favourable circumstances, for the blood of a line of soldiers mingled in his veins with that of a family that had been distinguished for

travel and scientific attainments, while in his case it was also an advantage, probably, that he was born in a parsonage. For, account for it how one may, it is a fact that many sons of unknown ministers have been famous and useful. In a parsonage, therefore, upon the 12th of July 1819, Charles Kingsley was born. His father, the elder of that name, had entered the Church at the age of thirty, without relinquishing the tastes and habits of a country gentleman of his time. At the time of his son's birth, Charles Kingsley was curate in charge at Holne, a village upon the verge of Dartmoor.

It goes without saying that the curate was no ordinary man, for no genius is ever born of dull parents, any more than peaches are yielded by a stinging-nettle. In the case of Charles Kingsley, junior, favourable circumstances developed and exhibited the talents that were hidden in his father, just as a statue is admired when placed upon an appropriate pedestal, although its merits had been unnoticed in a village workshop. From his father, Charles Kingsley the younger inherited a love for manly sports, and a craving for arduous exertions which were indeed requisite for an iron constitution such as he possessed. From his father, too, he inherited the seeing eye that so quickly detected the beauties of nature, while the stories of peril and of adventure that he heard from his maternal grandfather inspired and strengthened his daring spirit. Although all through his life Charles

Kingsley felt an intense affection for the West Country, his earliest years were spent in another part of England. The child was only six weeks old when his father removed to Barnack Rectory, in the Fens, to which place he had been appointed as a place-holder for the Bishop's son. There the boy grew up amidst such surroundings as have now departed for ever. Then the Fens were still a distinct country, which was inhabited by a race who were quite unlike other English folk ; but in spite of its ague and other discomforts the great Fen was even then very delightful and charming. Nowhere in the British Isles could such glorious sunsets be seen, and during Kingsley's boyhood the Fen abounded in game, and in varieties of life that are now extinct. "The landscape painter," says Constable, "must walk in the field with a humble mind. No arrogant man was ever permitted to see nature in all her beauty ;" and the same is true of others as much as of artists. The boy's mind was occupied from his infancy with the characters of the alphabet by which God spells out His wisdom, power, and love to men. Then Charles Kingsley learned that while this world is imperfect and stained, yet it is God's world still, and may be made a vestibule of heaven. His father took the boy abroad whenever he went shooting, and the child's quick eye and sensitive nature thrilled to the sights and sounds that are a manifestation of God to the devout heart.

“ Nature all,
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love,
But to the wicked, lours
As with avenging thunder.”

Charles Kingsley's mind came to maturity early, and at the age of four years he began to preach, and even to write poetry. Some of these childish productions were secretly taken down by his mother, who was assured by her friends that her boy would certainly become no ordinary man.

But the Divine Wisdom, that moves and shifts men so as to fulfil by them His gracious designs, transferred Charles Kingsley at the age of eleven years to the fair county of Devonshire. His father in the year 1830 was appointed rector of Clovelly, and there, with his wife, he found a most congenial home. Unlike Lord Beaconsfield (of whom his wife is said to have remarked to a painter, “Remember that his pallor is his beauty”), Charles Kingsley, senior, possessed the physical development and strength that the Devonshire fishermen could readily appreciate and admire. There was certainly no pallor whatever about him, and the fact that he could match any of his flock at their own fishing pursuits, was a bond between them and an advantage which he wisely employed for their spiritual improvement. They soon loved and obeyed him, as only West Country folk can love, and for them Charles Kingsley acquired a liking which was never eradicated from his nature. Only for a few months,

however, was Charles Kingsley, junior, permitted to enjoy the charms of Clovelly, and then he was sent away from home to school at Clifton. The charming Downs, the Nightingale Valley, the Stapleton Dell, and the many other beautiful surroundings of Bristol were treasures of natural history to him, and, as all intelligent boys must in similar circumstances, he became an ardent geologist, and searched with delight the magnificent section of rock beneath the Bridge. There every formation, from the Old Red Sandstone right up to the Carboniferous limestone, is exposed, and waiting to be studied.

But a far more terrible lesson than any that the rocks yielded was now appointed for his education, for during Charles Kingsley's school-days at Clifton the Bristol riots ensued. Owing to the timidity and cowardice of the authorities, a furious mob wrecked and destroyed the city unchecked, and the huge cauldron of flaming ruin was a spectacle that the boy never forgot. At that period all Europe was agitated by volcanic forces that muttered below the surface; it was as well for Kingsley's future usefulness that he thus early learned to appreciate the magnitude of the danger which threatened the established order of things. His timid, shrinking nature, morbidly sensitive as it had been, was transformed at the revelation, and the boy felt a new-born courage arise within him, which in after-years enabled him to grapple with Chartism and infidelity with success. From Clifton, Charles

Kingsley was sent on to Helston, and there the friendship and influence of one of his tutors deepened and directed his love for nature. It is probably from the want of the seeing eye that men malign and miss the beauty of God's fair world, for it is true that—

“This earth is cramm'd with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God,
Had we but eyes to see it.”

Yet his courage was not small, as when, for example, he applied a red-hot poker to a wounded finger, and endured the torture without flinching. A perhaps less noticeable act was when he climbed a tree in order to rob a hawk's nest. More than once this was done with impunity, and when the bird avenged itself upon the intruder's hand, without losing his self-control Charles Kingsley calmly descended the tree in order to have his wounds dressed.

In the year 1836 a further stage in his pilgrimage was reached, for then his father removed to Chelsea, in London. Although not then what it is now, Chelsea presented an utter and an unfavourable contrast to Clovelly. Yet, here, for the first time in his life, Charles Kingsley became acquainted with the awful squalor and vice of our great cities. He had during the two years of his residence here but few amusements, and he therefore found delight in the poets, with the chief of whom he became well acquainted. (Probably no man ever became a successful author without a knowledge of poetry,

which is that upon which other colours are deposited in order to form the picture.) Ruskin, in his dogmatic, conceited style, remarks of his own childhood, "It was extremely unusual with me to make a mistake at all," which, if ever true, is certainly not so now. Kingsley was far too wise a man to ever make such a claim. He, as all men do, make mistakes, just as a child stumbles in its attempts to walk and to gauge distances. Yet the child by its very mistakes learns how to stand steadily upon the earth and to move about upon it.

During this period of transition from youth to manhood Kingsley walked daily backwards and forwards from his home to King's College, London, in order to study. In the year 1838 he went up to Cambridge. By sheer talent he acquired eminence here; for genius in his case compensated for his want of previous application. But during this term of study his mind was terribly distressed by religious doubts; a correct portrait of himself at this period of his life is probably given in "Yeast." Although it is not necessary for a man to verify the compass every day, yet every man must learn for himself the solid facts upon which our hopes of redemption rest, and the process is often a terrible agony. Ruskin, it is true, attributes the fact that he did not become a clergyman to the disgust which he conceived for evangelical religion, from the fact that his doubtless much-tried aunt gave him cold mutton instead of hot meat for dinner. Probably

much so-called honest doubt is of the same unreasonable nature. But with Charles Kingsley it was not so; he really desired to know the truth and to be right with God, and this could not easily be. An eccentric clergyman who once lived in the West of England devoutly believed that a bucket of cold water hurled over his children immediately after they left their beds in the morning was highly conducive to their health; certainly mental and spiritual health is promoted by the cold bath which all must suffer. The shock which Kingsley at first felt at the cold bath was terrible; the faith which he had received upon parental authority he now longed to be able to rest upon solid fact, and the dash of cold water was therefore an agony. Unable to really rest upon the inviting promises and complete atonement of the Gospel, he endeavoured to drown thought, and by excitement and the pursuit of pleasure in sport to still the awful cravings for satisfaction that stirred within him:—

“ Poor man !

Ashamed to ask, and yet he needed help !

Proof this beyond all lingering of doubt

That not with natural or mental wealth

Is God delighted and His peace secured,

That not in natural or mental wealth

Is human happiness or grandeur found.

Attempt how monstrous and how surely vain !

With things of earthly sort, with aught but God,

With aught but moral excellence, truth, and love,

To satisfy and fill the immortal soul ! ”¹

¹ Pollock.

It was no wonder that Charles Kingsley so doubted and suffered, for society at that time was in a condition of agitation and unrest. The Oxford Tracts acted as powerful solvents upon many men, and although Charles Kingsley was startled at their tendency, yet to some extent he was influenced by them at the time. They were positive and earnest, and therefore they were read, and in his case at least they added another discordant element to the mental chaos which at length yielded to the voice that commanded light and order in the natural world.

Yet Charles Kingsley did not attain certainty by the method that he anticipated, for very seldom does any heart find rest by reasoning. He was brought into loving contact with Christ in another life, and although unsolved, his doubts ceased to perplex him. In the year 1839 it fell out, in the providence of God, that he met with a lady whom he loved at first sight, and who afterwards became his wife. His soul awoke under the sunshine of love, and this lady's faith in God helped to fix his. In the agony of his despair Charles Kingsley had almost resolved to leave England and to emigrate to America, but now a new meaning and force had come into his life:—

“ It comes, the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity,
In silence, and alone,
To seek the appointed one.

“ O weary heart ! O slumbering eyes !
O drooping souls whose destinies

Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again !”

Gradually Charles Kingsley came to a knowledge of Christ, and in His vicarious atonement his soul found that for which it had craved so long. As a consequence of his new hopes and resolutions, Charles Kingsley resolved to enter the Church rather than to go to the Bar, as he had once intended, and in July 1832 he became curate at Eversley. This hamlet, with which his name is historically associated, stands in the midst of a stretch of breezy heathland, which is fragrant with the odour of fir forests all the year round, and in summer is rich in the golden bloom of the broom-plant.

The people of this charming village had been shamefully neglected by the preceding clergyman, and as a natural consequence they were inclined both to intemperance and poaching. Kingsley took things as he found them, and endeavoured to adapt himself to the conditions of the place. In this he followed Dr. Johnson's advice, who, when a friend complained to him that in the county where he lived all men talked of nothing but of oxen, replied —“Then, sir, I would talk of oxen also.”

Charles Kingsley first made himself a friend of his people; he talked of oxen to them, and as a result he lived to see an immense improvement in their habits and condition. The church at Eversley in which he laboured for thirty-three years was restored in the year 1876 at a cost of £1200 as a

memorial of him. It is described as being "a brick edifice of no particular character, and the ruddy tiles of the high pitched roof have a singularly un-ecclesiastical appearance. The nave and aisles are of equal proportions, and they are divided by square whitewashed pillars, with substantial arches between them."

Thus we see Charles Kingsley at last settled down to his life-work; the great proportions of which he did not at the time at all foresee, but which was precisely the very best form of service that he could render, both for himself and for the world.

CHAPTER II.

THE WILD MAN OF THE WOODS; OR, ESAU ALSO A BROTHER.

“Patience and abnegation of self and devotion unto others,
This was the lesson that a life of sorrow and trial had taught him ;
So was his love diffused, but, like some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss though filling the air with aroma.”

—LONGFELLOW.

“Those things should we regard with fear
Which bring misfortune on another’s head.”

—DANTE.

“God can write straight in crooked lines.”

—PORTUGUESE PROVERB.

THE BEST FOR HIM—WORKING WHILE WAITING—A BROTHER,
AND THEREFORE A HELPER—THE IRON THAT DEFLECTED
THE NEEDLE—A BIRTH AND HONOURS—THE GOSPEL OF
WORK—CHILDREN OF GOD, AND THEREFORE SALVABLE.

“THERE is some one state of character and plan of action,” said John Foster, “which is the very best for me, when all the circumstances of my age, measure of mental abilities, and the means within my reach are considered.” This is certainly true of every man, and therefore only when he is himself, and attempts to perform his own peculiar work, is a man as useful as he may be. Then is he seen at

his best, like a sailor at sea, and then his own peculiar faculties are able to exert their full force. Charles Kingsley was at his best at Eversley, and from no other district could he, probably, have exerted so large an influence upon the mind and life of his time.

Dean Stanley, in his funeral sermon on Charles Kingsley, said that "he was far beyond what falls to the lot of most, *alive in every pore to the beauty, the marvels of nature*;" and to every sense the teachings of the outdoor gospel were directed in his country charge. His sporting instincts and his love for soldiers enabled him to win the confidence of both classes, who admired his English directness and common-sense. His soldierly daring and devotion to duty as he knew it, impelled him to make efforts for the mental and spiritual improvement of classes who are generally regarded as somewhat outside the Church of Christ. His mind, too, was of an eagle-type, and swooped directly upon what it aimed at; for Kingsley was not a man to hesitate or to delay. In him there was very little of the amusing folly of which General Grant speaks in his memoirs. An officer in the Federal army once held two posts, and in one capacity he made a requisition upon himself in another capacity. This requisition he resisted, urged, and again refused, and so he continued waging a wordy war of argument with himself, thus wasting both his time and strength. To a man like Kingsley such folly was a

moral impossibility ; he first made up his mind as to what was his duty, and then he attempted to do it.

But not without suffering, for indeed no good thing is ever accomplished in this world without pain and anguish. Solomon tells us that it is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth, and experience proves that by the drilling and discipline of defeat men learn how to conquer. To Kingsley the pain of doubt gave place to a severer pang, for during twelve months he was separated from the lady to whom he had given his heart's love. He was loyal to his troth, however, and he humbly accepted the tribulation as intended for his own good, as it certainly was. He was also far too wise a man to waste his time in vain regrets ; he therefore worked diligently at Eversley, waiting until the cloud should lift, as lift it eventually did. Mathews tells us of a biography that he had seen in MS. which filled three handsomely bound volumes. They related the memorabilia of a life of nearly forty years, and they were mainly occupied with such items as coach-fare and the cost and items of the dinners that had been consumed during that period ! Such existence is fearfully common ; the biographies of such men would be like that of a cabbage or of a rabbit, a mere consuming of the product of other lives without rendering any adequate return.

Charles Kingsley, however, was pre-eminently a worker, and his first care was about the country labourers and farmers among whom his lot was cast.

Probably the best portion of his life cannot be written, because it will not be known until the day of God shall declare it; for no one can tell how many hearts were lightened and comforted by him without his knowing it. After a year of such quiet work he began to find that his hopes and waiting were not in vain, and at the end of the year 1843 he was engaged to be married. He also received a promise of a small living, and accordingly he left Eversley, and in January 1844 he was married to Fanny Grenfell. About this time the rector of Eversley absconded, and the parishioners endeavoured to secure Charles Kingsley as their future pastor. The patron acceded to their request, and in May 1844 Charles Kingsley brought his wife to Eversley. Of course, his difficulties were not necessarily at an end, as is the case in the traditional story, although the bride and bridegroom lived happily ever afterwards. Their house had not been repaired for nearly a century, for then Dr. Jaeger had not fixed that period as the life-limit for a dwelling-house. There were arrears of debt also which the previous rector had left behind him, and these had to be paid. The house, besides being dilapidated, was also very damp and unhealthy, and expensive drainage operations were necessary before it was fit for habitation. There was no school-room in the parish, and practically no school, but all these things acted upon Kingsley as upon Napier, who declared that difficulties only made his feet go deeper into the soil. A schoolmaster was trained

for his work, and the Rectory was thrown open for classes, in which probably the best teaching was the insight which was then afforded into Kingsley's own earnestness and fidelity. By personal contact with his people at his own house and in their own homes he put into practice that reverence for the poor and that diligence in helping them that he inculcated upon others. The sense that the minister is also a man, and that, beside his official duty, he has a tender sympathy for all the sorrows of his people, probably does far more than anything else to win them for Christ. The days of priestly rule have long since passed away, and the Christian ministry can only exist now, much less prove effective, as it adopts the apostolic rule of going from house to house.

Almost every mind is both a sun and a moon to others ; that is, it both receives and it imparts to other minds of the light which each receives in varying measure from God. Kingsley's ruling spirit was F. D. Maurice, whom he called "Master," and whose opinions he adopted. It is probably a pity that this was so, for Kingsley's love for Maurice induced him to follow his leader into some of the vagaries into which Maurice wandered. Kingsley undoubtedly loved Christ and believed in His vicarious atonement, but his views upon the Sabbath and upon the future state are not, in the opinion of the writer, those that are taught in Scripture. Further reference will be made to this later on in this sketch, but it is needful here to note the

magnetic influence that deflected the needle in Kingsley's moral compass.

In the year 1845 Charles Kingsley received his first preferment, for he was made Honorary Canon of Middleham in that year. Neither duties nor emolument were attached to this office, but the title was valued by Kingsley on account of its historic interest.

His home was gladdened about this period by the birth of a daughter in the year 1846, and in the following year his family was still further increased by the birth of a son. The joy which followed this event found expression in many ballads which were written during a holiday that he spent in 1847 by the seaside. These were, however, merely the relief-valves of his exuberant emotions; his first real literary work was finished during the same summer-time. It was a *Life of St. Elizabeth*, which biography, while relating the heroine's story, discussed the great problems and questions of that day. The office of the biographer and historian is not only to relate, but also to apply; not only to arrange an elegant bouquet, but to distil and to prescribe the medicines which the sicknesses of men require. The past is only of interest and of use to us as it is seen to be an exhibition of the results of principles which are working within and around us to-day.

The book at once attracted attention; it was timely, and many of the youth in the universities

were fortified by it against the Romanising influences which were then dominant. The ascetic life has always been attractive to some minds, for one reason perhaps because it enables a man to earn heaven ; but monachism is always an evil both to the individual and to the Church. The Gospel of Work is the Gospel of the devout life, and the field is the world ; that is, among the unbelieving, suffering children of men. These Esaus are loved by God, and may be brought within the range of His saving grace. And, in one sense, it is true that—

“ All men on earth the children are
Of Him who keeps them here in fosterage :
They see not yet His face ; but He sees them,
Yea, and decrees their seasons and their times :
Like infants, they must learn them first by touch,
Through Nature and her gifts—by hearing next,
The hearing of the ear, and that is faith—
By vision last.

Upon this first sonship rests the possibility of the second birth, by which they are made joint-heirs with Christ.

CHAPTER III.

BLAZING A PATH; OR, SHOWING TO OTHERS THE WAY HOME.

“Ye are brothers, ye are men ;
We conquer but to save.”—CAMPBELL.

“A saint is a glorified failure, you know !”—TRENCH.

“His favourite expression was, ‘The bitterest of all griefs is to see misery, and yet not to be able to do anything;’ and it might stand as the motto of his whole mind, as it was often before his life.”—SAID OF DR. ARNOLD.

FILLING UP A GAP WITH LEAVES—A CANDID FRIEND—
“ONLY A BARKER”—THOMAS COOPER—“YEAST”—BURN-
ING THE CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS—INVALIDED—AT WORK
AGAIN.

It is related of a titled lady, whose house was situated upon the verge of a cliff which looked over the sea, that she desired to have the chasm filled up. For this purpose her gardeners were directed to throw the cuttings from the lawns and the sweepings from the garden-walks over the cliff, and the lady herself occupied her leisure by throwing any trifles such as dead leaves into the gulf below. Of course, this labour had no perceptible influence in filling up the chasm ; it was simply

labour in vain. In much the same spirit men have been accustomed to deal with the yawning gulfs that separate society and produce misery, but, for all their well-meaning efforts, the chasm still is not the less deep. Now and then the leaves and grass-mowings are swept away by a whirlwind, and then the abyss appears. Such a tempest came in the year 1848, when Europe was astounded at the revelations which were made of its dreadful misery. The events of that year were such as brought Kingsley prominently to the front and showed him to be a born leader of men. He threw himself into the educational movement which sought to prepare the working classes for liberty, and also into the Chartist agitation, that brought him into touch, not only with the leaders of the working classes, but also with those who sympathised with them. He left his parish work and came to London to endeavour, if possible, to allay the rancour of the contending and opposite parties, and to fit the Chartists for the rights which they demanded. He was a very candid friend to them, however, pointing out to them what he considered to be great faults in their programme and society. The plea for political liberty had become associated with French infidelity and french books, with a small and dirty "f." Although this was probably owing to the persistent opposition which the privileged classes had offered to the suggested and necessary reforms, its effect was incalculably harmful all

round. A paper was started by Kingsley and his friends avowedly for the purpose of enlightening the working classes, and large placards were issued, which in terse, clear phrase showed both the merits of the cause and its defects. The scorn and obloquy which this entailed upon Kingsley were not more than might have been anticipated from the strength of the evils that he assailed. It is said that, when Cobden made his maiden speech in the House of Commons, Horace Twiss of the *Times* said, "There is nothing in him; he is only a barker." No one could say that Kingsley was only a barker; he certainly had teeth, and he knew how to use them with terrible effect. No small part of the opposition which he had to encounter came from his relatives, who regarded the probable consequences to himself and his family of such plain speaking with considerable alarm. (But he could not be induced to act a lie by being silent when he felt it to be his duty to speak out.) Probably Kingsley was of Latimer's opinion, who in his letter to King Henry the Eighth endorses what "that holy man St. John Chrysostom saith—that he is not only a traitor to the truth which openly for truth teaches a lie, but he also which doth not freely pronounce, and show the truth which he knoweth." It is indeed a crime both against God and man when a needful testimony is withheld by a witness into whose heart it has been given for speech. This Kingsley certainly

did not do at any part of his life, for he uttered with all his might all that he himself knew as truth.

One triumph he certainly secured by this fearless speaking out of the Divine message, and that was in the conversion of Thomas Cooper, who was at that time one of the ablest advocates of infidelity and of Chartism. Kingsley somehow secured Thomas Cooper's friendship, and gently and tenderly he led him into faith in Christ. After his conversion Thomas Cooper dedicated his life to the service of the faith that he had once destroyed, and with signal success. May not his usefulness be regarded as a secondary triumph of Kingsley's efforts?

This Thomas Cooper was a remarkable man; indeed he was probably one of the most powerful stimulative thinkers and pioneers that has ever arisen in the land. He was born to poverty, and only secured for himself an education by dint of self-denial and gigantic efforts. While in the receipt of ten shillings per week, as a journeyman shoemaker (upon which pittance he and his aged mother subsisted), Thomas Cooper taught himself Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, and German. His constitution at length broke down under the severe strain to which he subjected it during these studies, and then Thomas Cooper turned his attention to teaching. After a variety of vicissitudes, he found himself present at a Chartist meeting in Leicester.

He had come there in order to report on behalf of a newspaper with which he was connected, but his warm heart was lacerated by the tidings of sorrow that he then heard. He found that the poor stocking-makers earned only at the most four shillings and sixpence per week, and sometimes not even that amount. The natural effect of this hopeless toil was the enfeeblement of mind and body, the poor creatures became too much dispirited to even complain about the degradation and misery that was their daily portion, and they ceased to struggle against it. They had but few friends, for most people viewed such conditions as a part of the beneficent plan of Providence, or else they shut their ears and hearts to the voice of pity. Cooper could not do this; he not only pitied the poor dumb sufferers, but he immediately gave himself to the work of alleviating their distress. In order to accomplish this Thomas Cooper surrendered the small pittance which was his only income, and he threw himself heart and soul into a movement that he almost solely originated in their behalf. The Whig Government of the day, doubtless with the best possible intentions, contrived to impress the poor with the feeling that they would not attempt any relief for the distress that the Ministers ignored. The irritating behaviour of the Government, who had no better remedies for starving men than imprisonment and massacre, made Cooper and those who rallied around him desperate, and what selfish

politicians desired for base purposes of their own ensued. The populace created a riot, and ostensibly for their supposed sedition and complicity in this rioting Cooper and other leaders of the people were sent to prison. The story of his own life, from which the above facts are gleaned, is a book which will richly repay study, for it casts a light not only upon the sufferings of a patriot, but upon the blind and selfish folly of some of those who were then in power.

“I cannot avoid throwing my whole nature into an undertaking when I once enter upon it, either from a sense of duty or for self-gratification,” says Mr. Cooper in his autobiography. Accordingly, in spite of the risk that he thereby incurred of another term of imprisonment, he persisted in his efforts, and soon became a recognised leader of the working-classes. He had in his early manhood been a devout Christian. “Often,” he says, “for several days together I felt close to the Almighty; felt that I was His own and His entirely.” The harsh conduct of his minister drove Thomas Cooper from the Methodist body, with which he had been connected, and among whom he had been a successful local preacher. The hopeless misery, also, that he saw in the world still further distressed and puzzled him, as it has perplexed many another man before him. For, explain it as we may, it is still a fact that there are many profound mysteries in God’s government of the world,

and there are many facts that appear to clash with His mercy and justice. Of course, they only *appear* to do so, for eventually they will be found to be the modes of mercy, that only require time in order to be seen in their beauty. These things, however, pained Cooper, and the behaviour of Christian people deepened the doubts that were lurking within him, and in due time he lost his faith in Christ. In words that are sadly significant he himself asks: "When the belief in eternal punishment is given up, the eternal demerit of sin has faded from the preacher's conscience, and then what consistency can he see in the doctrine of Christ's atonement?"

Strauss's book on the "Life of Christ" was in a great measure the cause of Cooper's wandering into infidelity, and he was retailing the opinions of Strauss to immense audiences of the working-classes when Charles Kingsley made his acquaintance. In the volume from which extracts have already been given Mr. Cooper says: "Immediately after I had obeyed conscience, and told the people I had been in the habit of teaching that I had been wrong, I determined to open my mind fully to my large-hearted friend, Charles Kingsley. He showed the fervent sympathy of a brother. He began a correspondence which extended over many months; in fact, over more than a year. I told him every doubt and described every hope I had; and he counselled, instructed, and strengthened me to the end."

Mr. Cooper's friends obtained an introduction

for him to Mr. Cowper, who was then President of the Board of Health.

“He said he wished much that he could offer me anything better, but the only thing he could offer me was that I should become a copyist of letters, &c., at a low remuneration; he thought it was seventy words a penny. I told him I would take the employ, if it were seventy words for a halfpenny. So I went down into the *cellar* of the Board of Health—for that is the truest name of the room—and there I was almost a daily worker every week for ninety-seven weeks, not finally quitting my post till the end of May 1858.”¹

Charles Kingsley sympathised much with his friend in his drudgery, and he wrote thus to him: “May not our Heavenly Father just be bringing you through this seemingly degrading work to give you—what it cost me no little sorrow to learn—the power of working in harness,—and so actually drawing something and being of real use? Be sure if you can once learn that lesson, in addition to the rest you have learnt, you will rise to something worthy of you yet.”²

Thomas Cooper took the advice so graciously given to him, and he endured the yoke well. His doubts did not depart all at once, nor did he expect such an experience. But he was enabled in the darkness to keep a firm grasp upon the doc-

¹ “Life of Thomas Cooper.”

² “Life of Charles Kingsley.”

trine of the Atonement, and therefore he eventually came into happiness and rest.

Kingsley stood his friend all through this time of agony and change, and he contributed by his fervent brotherly affection to the establishment of Cooper's faith in Christ. Cooper has gratefully acknowledged this Christian conduct on the part of Kingsley, and it must not be forgotten that at that time Cooper had not attained the honour and renown that are now deservedly his.

"I told my friend Charles Kingsley," he says, "in our correspondence, that while I diligently read the 'Bridgewater Treatises,' and all the other books with which he furnished me as a means of beginning to teach sceptics the truth from the very foundation, that the foundations themselves seemed to glide from under my feet; I had to struggle against my own new and tormenting doubts about God's existence, and feared I should be at last overwhelmed with darkness and confusion of mind.

"'No, no!' said my faithful and intelligent friend, 'you will get out of all doubt in time. When you feel you are in the deepest and gloomiest doubt, pray the prayer of desperation; cry out, 'Lord, if Thou dost exist, let me know that Thou dost exist! Guide my mind by a way that I know not into Thy truth!' and God will deliver you.'"¹

God did deliver Thomas Cooper, and that by the most unlikely means. The words that he had

¹ "Life of Thomas Cooper."

heard in his childhood when, in Gainsborough Church, he had joined in the general confession of sin, came back to his memory and delivered him from the paralysis of doubt that had prevented him from praying, and Thomas Cooper was able to find rest in Christ.

Nor was this a solitary instance of Kingsley's ready sympathy for those who were in spiritual blindness and distress. It seems, indeed, as if God, who formerly had sent Paul to those who were afar off, also sent Kingsley in like manner to the Gentiles, if so be that he might save some. It is true that in many instances the results of Kingsley's sympathy and teaching were not so readily evident as they were in Cooper's case, but Cooper was only one out of many who were attracted by Kingsley's rare qualities of heart and intellect, and who were by him led from darkness into light. There was abundant need for all and more than Kingsley could accomplish, for the social and religious condition of England at that period was truly horrible. Kingsley did all that he could, and far more than he should have done, if a due regard to his own health had influenced him at all. He attempted to awaken the upper classes from the selfish torpor in which they remained, insensible both to the miseries of their fellow-creatures, and to the dangers which those miseries, unless checked, must eventually produce to all. He did this in a story which received the singular title of "Yeast." During the autumn

of this year "Yeast" was passed as a serial through *Fraser's Magazine*, and though inferior to his subsequent books, it accomplished his purpose. Kingsley in it described scenes that his own eyes had looked upon, and he attacked real evils that were the death of multitudes. He wrote its pages generally after a hard day of parish work, a method which was fearfully exhaustive to himself, but which imparted the glow and earnestness that make "Yeast" still a useful book. Such a book could not but empty him of needful energy and vitality; and, therefore, in the fall of the year his health broke down entirely. So prostrate was he, that during the following autumn and winter he was compelled to take complete rest at Ilfracombe. There his receptive wits were not idle, for, while exploring the countless treasures of the shore, he was slowly dreaming out the story that afterwards shaped itself into "Alton Locke." This story, as all useful books must do, lay simmering in his mind for a long time before it acquired definite shape and purpose.

In the summer of 1849 he returned to Eversley once more, but only to fall again a victim to his devotion to his work. During the summer a low fever visited the village, and oblivious of the risk he ran, Kingsley diligently visited and nursed the sufferers; and with a result that might have been anticipated, for after a night of nursing his health once more broke down, and he had to return to Ilfracombe for rest and complete quiet.

In these labours Kingsley was to a large extent a pioneer, for then there were very few who even knew what was required, much less were able to do what was needful. His work in many departments was to pioneer for others, and in doing so he blazed a path by which many wanderers have reached a knowledge of Christ. The axe that he employed was not a borrowed one, and he struck the trees with a personal peculiarity which was all his own, but none the less he was a helper of many who, humanly speaking, must without him have died in the waste. So that men be led into happiness, what matter how the guide induces them to take the right path? Yet there were many who, because they could not understand Kingsley, suspected and assailed him. The true principle is laid down for all time in the words of our Lord when He said, "He that is not against us is on our part" (Mark ix. 40).

CHAPTER IV.

THE MODERN CRUSADER; OR, THE VIKING OF A NEW AGE.

"I have told
Most bitter truth, but without bitterness."

—COLERIDGE.

"It is only by the repetition of noble acts of self-denial and faith that natural character is nerved for high and continuous efforts."
—JOHN FOSTER.

"Christ in Christ-like life expressed,
This, this, not words, subdues a land to Christ;
And in this best apostolate all have part."

—LEGENDS OF ST. PATRICK.

WORK! WORK! WORK!—ONE ENEMY AFTER ANOTHER—
MISUNDERSTOOD, AND THEREFORE HATED—THE GOSPEL
OF SOAP AND WATER—ASSAILED IN THE HOUSE OF HIS
FRIENDS—EXHAUSTED BUT NOT BEATEN.

"As for bidding me not work," said Sir Walter Scott, "Molly might just as well put the kettle on the fire and say, 'Now, don't boil.'" This is the true spirit of all the world's workers; their work is a natural and irresistible consequence of what they are and are sent to do. To a man, therefore, of Kingsley's combative temperament it was utterly impossible not to combat the errors and

evils which he saw around him, and in preaching the modern crusade against dirt, cant, and tyranny of all kinds his hand was against many a man's, and many a man's hand, therefore, was against him. This was partly the consequence of his own nervous temperament, which could not stay to conciliate, and which sometimes made him unjust when calmer reason would have prevented the error. To mention one instance of many, his picture of Dissenting ministers in "Alton Locke" is felt by all impartial men to be manifestly unjust and untrue; in this case the fault was rather from want of thought than from *malice prepense*. Another example is his treatment of the Free-traders, who are now admitted to have rendered a most valuable service to the nation. But these blemishes, while they should not be omitted in a faithful portrait, because they were in the man, are counterbalanced by the sterling excellence of his character and work. The gospel of soap and water required to be preached, and men needed to be reminded that this life has a present importance and may be happy in greater measure than it is. Many excellent men had settled down into a kind of fatalism which regarded disease wholly as the visitation of God, and not as also the penalty for violating His laws. And in thinking of such men as Kingsley, it must be admitted that there is a section of the Evangelical school which is extremely narrow and self-conceited. All light does not come through the same window,

and it is possible that a man may differ from our view of truth without necessarily being an alien and a heretic. But every man who really strives to fulfil the mission that God has entrusted to him does so at the expense of fighting, for the dragon will not relinquish his captives without a struggle.

The year 1850 was pre-eminently a year of battle with Charles Kingsley. He resigned upon principle a sinecure that he had held for some years, and this at a period when the loss of the money was serious to him. His poor-rates were heavy, and the distress among the farmers also lessened his income, so that the sacrifice to principle was made at great personal cost. But Kingsley felt the spirit of Scott's words when he said, "Time and I against any two;" for he set to work at once to provide for the deficit in his income. He finished "Alton Locke," that incomparable picture of his suffering fellow-creatures,—alas! true in every page. Reynolds remarked truthfully that no man can put into a picture more than there is in himself, and the same is also true of books. As with every useful author, Kingsley put himself largely into his books, and their amount of heart is one of their charms.

But there was such a prejudice against Kingsley in many quarters, that "Alton Locke" was rejected by the publishers to whom it was first offered. By the kind offices of Thomas Carlyle (who loved a man dearly when he strove to perform a man's work) the book was at length placed in the hands

of a firm of publishers who were willing to incur the odium which issuing Kingsley's books involved at that time.

This attack upon the tyranny that estimated the lives of men as less valuable than the goods which they manufacture at the cost of health and life itself, was followed up by a pamphlet, in which he assailed the same evil. Then, as if he had not enough assailants already attacking him, Kingsley threw himself into another conflict. George Eliot, whose influence upon this generation is of the nature one might expect from such as she was, translated Strauss's flimsy book upon the Life of Christ. This, Kingsley felt, should not go unanswered, when the interests involved were so great and the refutation so easy. As a general rule error is like fish, it soon exhibits its own decay; but it is sometimes useful to speak out the truth, for fear any should be deluded by the colours of death, which are indeed only a sign of begun decay. This effort was the more needful because the distress among the working classes became extreme during the autumn, and men grow lawless in proportion as religion loses its wholesome terrors. Kingsley's house was among the number that were attacked by housebreakers, and, sorely against his will, he was compelled to arm himself.

One of the Evangelical newspapers now commenced an attack upon him, upon the principle, perhaps, that "the principal business of good Christians is, beyond all controversy, to fight one another," as has

been sadly observed. Kingsley, it is true, somewhat invited attack, but it is certainly a pity when the strength of a nation is wasted in civil war, to the joy of the enemies outside. After all, Christ is far vaster than any experience of Him can be, and it is surely more Christ-like to cover our brethren's faults than, Ham-like, to jest at their follies.

Cruden styled himself the censor, and he walked the streets with a sponge with which he wiped out all announcements that he supposed to be wrong and injurious to his fellow-creatures. Which office might with advantage be revived just now; it would certainly be more lovely than is the madness that at times possesses some Christians. It is not too much to say that in some parts of the Church of Christ it would be plain truth to expose a placard—"Mantraps and spring-guns set on these premises."

But it was Kingsley's fortune to be a fighting man all his days; indeed, he was a man of war from his youth. His contributions to social science will be referred to presently; suffice it to note that in that he was also in advance of his age.

The year 1851 was signalised by the opening of the Great Exhibition, which men imagined would begin a new era in the history of men. Kingsley recognised the immense benefits which the Exhibition conferred upon the whole civilised world, but he could scarcely have been so sanguine as others were as to its results.

His best work, "*Hypatia*," was commenced during

this year, and it was passed through the pages of *Fraser's Magazine* as a serial. It is undoubtedly his masterpiece, and in it the excellences and defects of his mind appeared. As a picture exquisitely accurate of one of the most important periods of human history it is unrivalled among all the books of this age, while its influence as a moral force cannot now be gauged. It belongs also to that high order of books that express clearly what many feel but cannot themselves utter, while, also, alas ! it is an attack upon received beliefs concerning the future which is more difficult to repel than a treatise would have been.

In the summer of the Exhibition year Kingsley experienced what was probably the most bitter of all the attacks that he endured. He had been invited to preach in a London church, and he discoursed as one might have expected him to speak. Had the clergyman who invited Kingsley been ignorant of Kingsley's views, it might have been wise of him to have allowed his visitor to say his say and then to have departed. But after having himself arranged the service, the minister so far forgot what was due both to God and to his friend as to publicly denounce from the pulpit much of the sermon. The working men who thronged the building very naturally resented this injustice, and probably were more alienated from the Church by this well-intended attempt to win them than by previous years of neglect. Kingsley wisely attempted no reply at

the time; but when, weary and heart-sick, he returned home to Eversley again he found relief for his spirit in composing his exquisite ballad entitled "The Fishers." He required all the fortitude that he possessed to withstand the new attack which was hereupon made upon him. The papers took up the new scandal, and the Bishop of London allied himself with Kingsley's enemies so far that he forbade Kingsley to preach in the diocese of London. Subsequently, upon reading the sermon, the Bishop withdrew his prohibition; but all this anxiety and conflict seriously injured Kingsley's health. To some natures such struggles are not harmful, but to a man of Kingsley's exquisite sensibility even a victory purchased at such a price is like a defeat. The conflict left him exhausted in mind and body, and once more he was compelled to seek for rest. He left England in company with his parents, and amidst fresh scenes he acquired new impetus for the arduous conflict which was yet before him. The fact that he was so furiously assailed may perhaps be accounted for upon the principle which was indicated by the Chinese evangelist when he said that "he lamented the want of opposition, blaming his own unfaithfulness as the only cause of such peace on the part of the powers of darkness." For no fortress cares to assail a train of baggage-mules, but every gun will be pointed against an approaching train of artillery. It is the severest condemnation when the Christian Church is let severely alone in contemptuous neglect;

then there is nothing for fallen Samson but to grind in the prison-house. Kingsley intended to combat every accessible enemy of God and man, and therefore he encountered a violent resistance from men whose instincts compelled them to dread the incoming of light into their foul caverns.

CHAPTER V.

THE GOSPEL OF THIS LIFE; OR, THE APOSTLE TO THE OUTCASTS.

“For knowledge is a steep which few may climb,
While duty is a path which all may tread.”

—EPIC OF HADES.

“Every human heart is human,
And even in savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
For the good they comprehend not.
And the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God’s right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened.”

—LONGFELLOW.

MAKING ALLOWANCES—THE SACRED SABBATH—CONSTRAINED
TO SPEAK—“HYPATIA”—NOT UPON THE FATHERS, BUT
UPON CHRIST—MORE LIGHT BEYOND.

“My dear sir,” Turner the painter once remarked to a critic, “if you only knew how difficult it is to paint even a decent picture, you would not say the severe things that you do of those who fail.” The counsel is good for all those whose only contribution to the service of man is a criticism, and it represents also an element to be borne in mind in

estimating a life-work. The work of a pioneer is infinitely more difficult than the enterprises of those who follow him; his log hut may really be a greater triumph of art than a Grecian temple, all things being considered.

Yet, while all this is true, fidelity to truth compels the writer to dissent from many of the views of Kingsley. His merits and usefulness are now generally acknowledged, but it is imperative to remember that the truth has paramount claims upon us.

During the year 1852 a proposal was made to open the Crystal Palace upon Sundays, upon the plea that by so doing drunkenness would be lessened. Such an end, of course, is infinitely desirable, but it has yet to be proved that the purpose intended would be accomplished by the suggested change. The drunken classes are not as a rule patrons of art, and the probabilities are that intemperance would increase instead of lessening. But even if the step be expedient, it has yet to be proved to be lawful, for in the judgment of many, the obligation to keep the Sabbath is one of the primary laws of the moral constitution of man. And with all diffidence, the writer would urge that the ends of the Sabbath are not attained unless it be recognised as a sacred rest, a day for worshipping God. It is true that the Sacred Day is a feast and not a fast, but a feast it is with a peculiar meaning and purpose. Had Kingsley lived for a few years longer, it is probable that he would have modified his views

upon this point. For the well-being and prosperity of a nation depend entirely upon its obedience to the Divine law, of which the fourth commandment forms a conspicuous and integral portion.

Having said so much by way of criticism, it is pleasant now to point out the usefulness of Kingsley in other important directions. His correspondence was immense and exhaustive, for from all parts of the world men and women wrote to him for sympathy and guidance. Yet Kingsley did not complain, but he accepted the labour which was thus entailed upon him as a portion of his life-mission. Although this is rapidly becoming an age of post-cards, it is as well even now to employ the post as a moral force, for a letter wisely written may become of immense spiritual influence for good.

During the summer of this same year, that is, in 1852, the family of Judge Erskine settled in Eversley, to the great comfort and assistance of Kingsley. They gave him sympathy, counsel, and practical monetary help in the multiform duties of his charge. And this was the more needful, because as he was understood, more and more strangers flocked, often from a great distance, to hear Kingsley preach. To him this popularity was displeasing, as it must be with every finely-strung nature; although, indeed, he did not desire to be crowded, yet it must have been a delight for him to find that, in spite of opposition, and perhaps in consequence of it, he was able to secure an audience. It might be said of Kingsley,

both in his writing and in his preaching, as it was said of Burke by Johnson, "Burke's talk is the ebullition of his mind; he does not talk from a desire of distinction, but because his mind is full." Kingsley felt that he had a message to deliver, and therefore he uttered what was to many most unwelcome truth; but although he had no pleasure in wounding them, he could not repress that which burned within him for expression. Silence is not always golden, for at times it amounts to treason against God and cruelty to men. (We never really know a truth until we can testify it, and we know only potentially as we express that which is given into our charge.) Kingsley at this period offended many people (who might have been expected to have known better) by the publication of "Hypatia" as a book. This was issued in the year 1853, and it set forth the writer's opinions about the future state. Of the hereafter very little positive information is revealed in Scripture, but in the opinion of most Christian people the Scripture is clear in its assertion of the eternity, both of pain and of bliss. As with many others who have departed from the orthodox teaching upon this point, Kingsley's views shifted more than once; he was permanent only in his fierce and at times almost blasphemous denunciation of hell and of penalty. It is comparatively easy for any one to indicate difficulties in any solution of the after-life theory, but the question, after all, is one of revelation and also of God's jus-

tice. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" may well still every murmur at what, after all, we only dimly understand. Probably on account of the persistent preaching of these views (which many regarded as unscriptural and as having a tendency to weaken the moral restraints which are all too few with all of us), "Hypatia" was disliked by some. Others were less excusable in their opposition, for the exposure of the meanness, vileness, and wickedness of Cyril and other so-called fathers greatly displeased those who regarded them with intense reverence. As if men were not always and everywhere the same, and the truth did not rest upon Divine sanctions rather than upon merely human testimonies! Even supposing that all who had gone before us were as vile as it is possible for men to be, the Christian religion would not be affected by their follies. The obligation to believe and to obey the Gospel would even then be just as cogent as it is now, for the Gospel is addressed to every individual soul, quite apart and distinct from all others. To many excellent people, however, it appeared as if Kingsley were removing one of the pillars upon which they supposed that the Church rested, and they feared the doom of the Philistines. The ugly charge of heresy was hinted, and it certainly did much to prevent Charles Kingsley from afterwards receiving a D.C.L. degree at Oxford. To a greater extent than we know, or are disposed to admit, the Christian Church acts upon the ancient

assertion, "that every man has a right to utter what he thinks truth, and that every man has a right to knock him down for it." Truth is many-sided, and it is always possible that some truth is invisible from every attainable point of view; but above all things error should be dealt with gently, and in a Christian spirit. The antagonism of the Bar is out of place in themes that are the subject of a Divine revelation, and the Holy Spirit will never dwell in a contentious heart, even if that heart be that of a defender of the faith. Old John Robinson bade the pilgrim fathers remember that God had not yet shown them all that they might yet know.

"He charged us," says the old chronicler, "that if God should reveal anything to us by any other instrument of His, to be as ready to receive it as any truth by his ministry; for he was very confident the Lord had more light and truth yet to break forth out of His Holy Word." George Rawson paraphrases the old man's words thus:—

"We limit not the truth of God
To our poor reach of mind
By notions of our day or sect,
Crude, partial, and confined.
No; let a near and better hope
Within our breasts be stirred;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His Word."

From various reasons, therefore, but with painful consequences to Kingsley, "Hypatia" was generally

received by the Church with regret and worse. But its mission, as with others of Kingsley's books, was chiefly to the outcasts who are generally outside all recognised Christian influences.

And Kingsley's chief teaching to them was the divineness of all the nature of man; asserting that the old Manichean view of the body, which is a part of ourselves, is utterly wrong. Every portion of the body is a witness to the Divine skill and wisdom, and it may also become the temple of the Holy Ghost. For the useful evangelical revival had not put the present life in its true view. (We are not born merely in order to prepare for death, but also that in life we may enjoy and serve God, and find present happiness in Him.) Of course, the application of the vicarious atonement of our Lord and the renewal of the heart by the Divine Spirit are essential to true life, but men who are busy in practical matters require a present-day Gospel, which recognises even this world as God's kingdom and the theatre of His grace.

In the year 1854 Charles Kingsley spent the spring and winter at Torquay. This was on account of his wife's illness. During this visit Kingsley amused himself with the scientific wonders which were scattered upon the shore, and an article upon them was subsequently developed into a volume which has been well received by the public. Here, too, he was once more amidst the stirring influences of the west country that he loved so

devoutly, and the historical associations of his new home suggested to him "Westward Ho!"—one of the best, if not the very best, of his books. In the June of 1854 Kingsley had taken a house at Bideford, on account of his wife's health. This suggested the theme for the book, which is a powerful sermon upon the tendencies of Romanism. (It would be a useful study if some one would tell us about the circumstances under which the great books which have influenced the world have been written.) It would be found that in almost every case sickness and sorrow upon the part of the writer or of his dear ones was at least a part of the originating cause. Thus, Longfellow's words are true:—

“Only those are crowned and sainted
Who with grief have been acquainted,
Making nations nobler, freer.

In their feverish exultations,
In their triumph and their yearning,
In their passionate pulsations,
In their words among the nations,
The Promethean fire is burning.”

CHAPTER VI.

STRIFE ABROAD, BUT PEACE AT HOME.

“Not scathless those that sing such song,
Grief their instructress, of the Muses chief
To hearts by grief unvanquished, to their hearts
Had taught a melody that neither spared
Singer nor listener.”

—LEGENDS OF ST. PATRICK.

“Let truth be told, but still without offence.”

THE CRIMEAN BLUNDERS AND SUFFERINGS—TEACHING THE
NEGLECTED—WE ARE PENCILS—AT HOME A KING—MAR-
RIAGE NOT FOR THIS LIFE ALONE.

THE Crimean war, into which the English Government had drifted with a light heart, proved the inefficiency of the English military leaders, and the terrible sufferings which were endured by our brave soldiers in consequence, wrung the heart of the nation with indignation and anguish. “The great majority of us are clothed with rags,” wrote one who was with the army. “Some of us are without shoes; others of us are without a cap to cover our heads from the pelting of the pitiless storm, and some of us have more mud than clothing attached to our bodies. Hundreds of sick and wounded are daily brought down famished, emaciated, and clothed in

rags. I have seen many a noble form a total wreck from the lack of timely aid. A heart-hardening process in the army is only too apparent. A party of soldiers was the other day seen playing at cards in the trenches, when a shot laid one of them low. Instantly they rose, carried the dead man away, and resumed their game." The story of the sufferings of our brave men who were sacrificed to the recklessness and incompetence of their leaders stirred many who could not feel that—

"'Tis nothing ; a private or two now and then
Will not count in the tale of the battle ;
Not an officer lost, only one of the men
Breathing out all alone his death-rattle."

Not only was an inquiry demanded, but practical relief was poured into the Crimea, private generosity eclipsing Government grants in its eagerness to supply the needs of the soldiers. Kingsley felt keenly the exciting interest of the struggle, and he has given vent to his military instincts in "Two Years Ago." He wrote also a small tract to which he did not affix his name, and which was sent out in large quantities to the camp. And so the campaign went on with disastrous effects to the British Empire in India, where it contributed to produce afterwards the awful Mutiny.

Meanwhile, in England, Kingsley published his "Westward Ho," which he dedicated to Bishop Selwyn and to Rajah Brooke, two noble and successful workers in the cause of civilisation and of

righteousness. The volume met with considerable favour from the first, although Thackeray in the *Times* expressed some disapproval. When the book was off his mind, Kingsley felt the need of some other employment to occupy his restless energies. Madame de Stael has defined happiness as "a constant occupation for a desirable object which is constantly attended by a sense of continual progress." It is true that continual progress seldom attends any enterprise, however laudable, for, like the tide, ebb and flow alternate with most efforts. Yet no man can be happy who is not really working, and that for ends outside himself and his interests. The old story of the traveller who warmed himself by his efforts to revive a dying man is a parable of all life; the reflex action of every good deed is both a present reward and a promise of greater recompense yet to come. Kingsley, therefore, during his stay in fair Bideford attempted to gather around him the neglected and uneducated young men of the town. He formed a drawing-class for their benefit, and himself instructed them, in some instances at least, with signal benefit to their future career. His own skill with the pencil was marvellous; indeed one might have inferred this from the form and beauty of his sentences. And he possessed the artist's gift, and could depict in a few strokes the thought that burned within him. So the days passed in useful work, with results that eternity alone will reveal. If the drawing-classes had no other result than that

which attended Joseph Livesey's attempts at educating the poor, they would have been worth the labour that they entailed. "I don't know that I made much, if any, progress in my irregular attendance at Mr. Livesey's night-school," says Thomas Whittaker. "One thing, however, I did learn, and it has continued with me to the present day—I learned to love and esteem Joseph Livesey; his is a name never to be forgotten." It is no small gain when the scholar learns to love and esteem his teacher, who thus becomes a useful lesson, whatever he may be able to impart to his pupils of other instruction. Kingsley, unselfish, generous, cultured, and exquisitely sensitive to the teachings of God in nature, must have been a noble influence upon the youths who gathered around him, and who learned from him what he also learned from Christ. "Let us remember that our children are pencils," said Richard Cecil; and so also are the lives that, for their good or evil, come into daily contact with us; for by them we portray ourselves upon the time which is yet to come. It is a serious and necessary inquiry as to what we are by them depicting for coming generations to read.

Kingsley returned to Eversley once more, but only to find that during the winter his wife could not live in the damp Parsonage house. But instead of being compelled to remove to a distance, he was able to find a house in an adjoining district which did not necessitate his prolonged absence from his charge.

The formation of the military camp at Aldershot also brought new interest and new responsibilities to him. Always interested in military men and their needs, he formed many friendships among the officers. Nor was he afraid to speak out when he thought that his duty required him to reprove what he felt to be wrong in them. His colours, like Nelson's, were nailed to the mast, and those who knew him most intimately say that Kingsley was like Hannington, of whom it was said, "that all his life, his amusement, as well as his labour, was permeated by his faith in the Unseen." Therefore, "the business of seeking to influence souls for Christ was never alien to any of his moods." Of Kingsley this was true, and he employed methods which were his own, and therefore the best for him to use. He was still consulted by many who had been affected by his books, and who desired to break free from the fetters which early vice had forced upon them. To such Kingsley was a genuine son of consolation, and for them he ungrudgingly gave the best of his mind and heart. To gather the outcasts is the Saviour's work; He Himself describes His office as that of the shepherd "who goeth after that which is lost until he find it;" and men are likest God when so they do. The need for sympathy prompted the Romish Confessional, which is a perversion of the true method which God has devised. Every man should become such, that all who are disheartened and discouraged may be able to turn to

him, confident that they will not be rejected or betrayed when they confess their faults. Such was Kingsley, and therefore he was able to help so many of his fellow-men.

Among those who visited Kingsley during this year of 1856 was Mrs. Beecher Stowe, who, like many Americans, has recorded her impressions and memories of English scenes and persons. Mrs. Stowe, it is true, did not come to Eversley for sympathy, but it was a tribute to Kingsley's genius that the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" visited him. And visited him in his own home, where he was pre-eminently at his best. Many extremely worthy people leave their courtesy and almost their piety outside their door-mat; at home their natures are under no restraint, and they are not compelled to preserve the courtesies which make life bearable. Bunyan remarks that Talkative "was a saint abroad and a devil at home," and it is to be feared that there are many who are like him in this respect. At home Kingsley, on the contrary, was at his best, and there his best qualities pre-eminently shone. He had not, it is true, the pecuniary anxieties and difficulties which sometimes shadow the homes of business men, but he left, as all men may do, his work and all its troubles outside the family circle.

In his home Kingsley was all brightness, and he continued to impart his own sunny spirit to those who lived with him. With him, love did not cease at the altar, and his devotion to his wife partook

of the romance of old chivalry. This was probably owing partly to his natural high-toned courtesy, but it was also owing to his own high ideas of marriage. "A true idea of the institution of marriage," says Dr. Dale, "lies very near the foundation of every true philosophy of human life, and affects the whole theory of the rights and duties both of men and of women, and of their relations to each other. Marriage rests upon the possibility of the absolute mutual surrender to each other of man and woman; a surrender in which nothing is reserved but loyalty to God and to those supreme moral duties which no human relationship can disturb and modify. It rests not only on the possibility of that perfect blending of life and interest, but on the strength and blessedness which come from it. And any theory of marriage which would impair the completeness of the resolution of two individual lives into a higher though complex unity is a departure from that ideal which, in our highest, noblest, and happiest hours, asserts for each one of us its authority and truth." These are noble words, and they are true as they are worthy to be remembered. They explain Kingsley's view of the sacred relationship which our Saviour has constituted a model and type of His union with His saints. Towards his wife Kingsley ever manifested his affection, and he clung firmly to the devout hope (which is cherished by many others) that the tie which is created by marriage is pro-

bably eternal. Of late years the fact that a leading journal could discuss the question, "Is marriage a failure?" shows the low esteem into which the sacred bond has fallen. We require a repetition of Kingsley's teaching in order that woman may receive her due, and the national life be kept pure at its source.

As a natural consequence of his devoted affection towards his wife, Kingsley was tender and considerate towards his children. Sir James Wylie has discovered as the result of careful investigations that four times as many patients recover from their sickness when they are placed in clear sunshine as do those who are in the dark, and this is a most important principle in morals. Cheerfulness is a most powerful medicine and preventive against moral and social perils both for old and young. Kingsley possessed the mirth-provoking faculty in a very eminent degree, and he did not scruple to use it. He felt rightly that humour and wit are gifts of God, and are to be used for His glory. He at least did not assent to George Herbert's singular saying—

"All Solomon's sea of brass and world of stone
Is not so dear to God as one good groan."

Without doubt there is a frivolity which is ruinous—giggle and make giggle are terribly demoralising, but a cheerful spirit is a part of the work of grace, and joy in the Lord is one of the marks of the new birth. Goldsmith said that he had a knack of

{ hoping, and Dr. Johnson said also that a habit of looking at the bright side of things was worth a thousand pounds per year to any man. Kingsley had that habit, and he did not scruple to use it at home. His piety was never sour and vinegary, and therefore his children loved him. All life is necessarily so sad, that any man who will assist his fellows to bear their burdens easily is sure of being popular, for men turn to cheerfulness as they do to a sunny landscape. It cheers and brightens them, and merely looking at it lightens the heart.

It is true that with regard to the Sabbath Kingsley was led into excess, but this may have been a revolt against the narrow, evangelical strictness of his childhood's home. The spirit which forbade a mother to kiss her child on a Sunday is undoubtedly unscriptural, but so also is the making of the Lord's Day into a holiday. Cricket on the green at Eversley on Sunday afternoons was no doubt popular, but it was certainly a breach of the fourth commandment, which, as is every other precept of the moral law, is still binding upon Christians. The holy day, it is true, has been changed from the seventh to the first, but this has been done by the highest authority of all. Cricket also is not a primary necessity of human nature, but the worship of God is; and, after all, the old adage is true that—

“A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content,
And health for the toil of the morrow ;

But a Sabbath profaned,
Whate'er may be gained,
Is the certain forerunner of sorrow."

In Kingsley's home, indeed, the Sabbath was marked as a day of gladness, for then his children brought out their Sunday picture-books, in which he drew whatever animal or subject they might select, and the early hours of the day were spent by them in decking the graves in the churchyard with flowers. Such a custom is, of course, impossible in some homes, but yet it is surely possible to do far more than has ever yet been done by any one to make the Sabbath a delight to the children and servants of the family. A true idea of the Sabbath obligation and an earnest attempt to rise to its solemn meaning would do much to heal the breaches of religious and national life. This, however, will not be until right views prevail as to the supreme authority of the Word of God.

CHAPTER VII.

MISUNDERSTOOD ; OR, DIFFERENT, AND THEREFORE WRONG.

“ But good my brother,
Do not as some ungracious pastors do,—
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst like a puff'd and careless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.”—SHAKESPEARE.

“ He had perceived the presence and the power
Of Greatness ; and deep feeling had impressed
Great objects on his mind with portraiture
And colour so distinct, that on his mind
They lay like substances, and almost seemed
To haunt the bodily sense.”—WORDSWORTH.

“ God was using these things to create in me a sense of vocation,
confused at first, but becoming ever more distinct.”—CASALIS.

CONVERTED BY FEAR—SUFFERING FOR FAITHFULNESS—
INDIAN MUTINY AND ITS HORRORS—THE CHILDREN IN
DANGER—PREACHING BEFORE PRINCES—THE INEQUALI-
TIES OF LIFE.

IN “ My Life in Basuto Land ” we are told that the Dutch colonists tried to excuse their cruelties to the poor helpless natives by alleging that they supposed that thereby they (the Dutch) were advancing the cause of religion. “ Am I not a Christian ? ” one of

them inquired. "I have a white skin and long hair! I have been baptized and I sing psalms!" Which is similar to the Irishman's definition of the Methodists as the people whose religion consisted in their wearing long whiskers!

In various degrees the same kind of spirit lingers amongst us even yet, and it requires a faithful dealing with on the part of those who would help their fellow-men. Almost all through his life Kingsley was looked at suspiciously by many excellent people, who, if they believed in him at all, regarded him in much the same kind of spirit. He was an original, and grew foliage of his own, and as in many respects he refused to be clipped into shape after the orthodox fashion, men hinted at more than they dared to say about him. It was, however, his power that he was one by himself, for the gifts of his genius were for a special and peculiar purpose.

When, therefore, in the year 1857, Kingsley published his "Two Years Ago," the book was met with a chorus of disapproval from many who did not understand its drift and purpose. It was not after the pattern of the books which they were accustomed to read or to approve, and therefore they supposed that it must be evil. Yet the book is one that must do good to every intelligent reader, because it deals with facts as they really are in the world around us. For outside the circle of our immediate acquaintance there are throngs of those who both require and will repay religious teaching.

To these outcasts Kingsley spoke, and these he really did influence for good in "Two Years Ago."

The book was issued from the press at a period when, for the first time in three years, Kingsley was able to spend the winter in his own home at Eversley; that is, in the year 1857.

The same year brought to England the awful news of the Indian Mutiny, and Kingsley shared to the full the national frenzy which arose when the horrible story was related.

"I regard it as the dying effort of Brahminism," said Lord Shaftesbury, "which is visibly, palpably declining; all its remaining strength is excited and concentrated for one final struggle. And bear this in mind, the retribution that follows upon these crimes must be equal to the nature and extent of the crimes themselves. I maintain that justice, pure simple justice, demands we should exact of these men that compensation which is due to that crime unparalleled in the history of mankind. We do not seek for revenge. God forbid that the word should be used in our declamation! And God forbid that the sentiment should enter into our hearts! But there is such a thing as justice, and there is such a thing as a sense of justice imprinted upon the human heart by the hand of God Himself. Justice, I hold, must be satisfied; every principle of policy and every principle of religion require it—it is your policy, and the greatest policy in the

sense of humanity, that justice should be fully exercised."

"Nothing can be more just and moderate," said the *Times* in reviewing Lord Shaftesbury's speech, "than what he says about punishment;" in fact, all England was furiously agreed in its demand for a stern penalty. Although Kingsley had neither personal friend nor relative among the sufferers, he felt keenly the awful wickedness of the Mutiny. The story of Cawnpore will always be regarded with horror by civilised men, but when the tidings of the massacre first reached home, the feeling was, of course, much keener than it can be now.

The year after the Mutiny—that is, in 1858—not only did evil tidings, but far worse came to our shores; for in that year diphtheria first appeared among us. This scourge of childhood had been previously unknown in Britain, and it therefore excited as much alarm as the plague had formerly done. The terror and danger were equally a call to Kingsley, who, like all men of strong nature, was an intense lover of little children. He went about his parish carrying with him the remedies, which he taught his people by example how to employ. Since the cessation of miracles in the world, such service is as much a part of the Gospel as preaching, and by it Kingsley performed loyal service for God.

In the same year of grace—that is, in 1858—Kingsley published a volume of poems, which met with a more favourable reception from the critics than

his previous books had received. During the next year—that is, in 1859—Kingsley also first began to receive favourable notice from high quarters, for on Palm-Sunday of that year he preached before the Queen and Prince Consort at Buckingham Palace. Although Kingsley had been an ardent advocate of the suffering poor, his tastes were especially aristocratical, and he feared God not more than he honoured the Queen. For, while it is natural in a free country that the head of the State should be freely criticised, loyal men should be careful not to speak evil of the ruler of their people. A form of government is essential to happy life, and rests upon Divine authority. So that government rests not upon the consent of the nation only, but also, the nation having consented to the particular form of government that may have been selected, the head of the State rules by Divine authority. Kingsley was not a courtier in any other sense than that in which his hero, Sir Richard Grenville, was a courtier, although he had instinctively the old-world loyalty for rank and station. Hence it was a personal gratification as much as an honour which he had earned when he was appointed one of the Queen's chaplains, and when in that capacity he preached in his turn before the Court. His merit was becoming clear and recognised, for the Prince Consort was a keen judge of character, and had he lived he would probably have advanced Kingsley to further honours than he attained. But such is the

irregularity of the system of moral government under which we live, that often the recognition and reward of merit come when they are too late to be enjoyed. God, indeed, has not promised to reward virtue in the present condition of affairs, and He often permits virtue to suffer unrewarded and vice to sin unchecked, because He has a long eternity in which to adjust and to explain all that is perplexing here.

It is worthy, too, of notice, how as he grew older, Kingsley more and more recognised the Divine Hand which is slowly working out in the world the purpose of righteousness, even by adverse things. This truth of the Divine sovereignty and rule is, after all, that which the mind most requires for its comfort during the seasons of perplexity which come to us all at times.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SOLDIER IN A BLACK COAT; OR, NO PEACE HERE.

“I have been from my childhood always of a rumorous and stormy nature.”—LUTHER.

“Low, wretched, and dismal as they are, we see in them the nursery of the Christian faith ; and truly it is in keeping, for if the Founder of our religion was born in a stable, we must not be surprised that His humble and despised followers had no better shelter than the tombs.”—LORD SHAFTESBURY ON THE CATACOMBS.

“The fires were kept constantly supplied with human fuel by monks, who knew the art of burning Reformers better than that of arguing with them. The scaffold was the most conclusive of syllogisms, and used upon all occasions. Still the people remained unconvinced. Thousands of burned heretics had not made a single convert.”—MOTLEY ON THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.

APPOINTED PROFESSOR—DEATH OF HIS FATHER—IS PRAYER
OF ANY AVAIL?—WATCHED WITH RAT’S EYES—DEATH
OF PRINCE ALBERT—SCIENCE NOT OPPOSED TO THE
BIBLE.

IN the year 1860 another honour fell to Kingsley’s lot, for then Lord Palmerston, perhaps at the instigation of Lord Shaftesbury, who was his son-in-law, offered Kingsley the post of Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Kingsley at once accepted the position, and the more

readily because it brought him into contact with the student youth of the University. Although some of the college authorities had been prejudiced very much against him on account of his books, yet when he went up in the summer in order to take his M.A. degree, Kingsley was very kindly received. He was much gratified by this favourable reception, which indeed was almost essential to his doing any good among the young men. The pleasure of this appointment was, however, speedily dashed by a bereavement which fell upon him during the fall of the same year. For an acid is always mixed in the sweetest cup to prevent the injurious effects which might follow from too much sweet in our lot. To Kingsley the loss was a very great one, for with the death of a father the home is for ever destroyed. Nothing can compensate for the loss which is, of course, the greater the better the departed has been beloved. From the time of his father's death until her own death Kingsley's aged mother lived with him at Eversley.

During the year 1860 Kingsley once more enraged the orthodox, who did not perhaps understand his meaning, or perhaps were unable to look beyond the present. The summer of the year was a very wet one, and mindful only of the present seen effects of the rain, many religious men began to pray for fine weather. Kingsley understood better what benefit the rains were to our country, and he preached a sermon upon the subject, which he after-

wards published. The cholera had been for a long time threatening an outbreak, but the heavy rains averted the calamity by cleansing the drains and sewers, and thus removing much dangerous matter which would have produced or fed the disease. The smaller evil he felt to be as nothing when compared with the larger benefit, and he said so. Some expressions in the sermon, it is to be regretted, with regard to prayer were open to serious misapprehension, for some people supposed from them that Kingsley objected to special prayer. This was not the case, but believing as he did most intensely in the Divine Wisdom with regard to all the events of life, Kingsley rightly believed that although men may not be able to detect the purpose which is behind the Divine action, yet, after all, what God sends is actually, and essentially, the very best for us. This principle requires guarding, for we are permitted and even commanded to pray; *in all things* by prayer and supplication is the Divine rule and standard, but there is one view of prayer which would make man the ruler of his own destiny. Of course, no one intends to do this, but in effect this is sometimes done, and against this want of submission to God's will Kingsley sturdily protested. In such matters we are as little children, but Tupper has beautifully expressed what is perhaps the truth of the question:—

“Thus, O worshipper of reason, thou hast heard the sum of the matter :

And woe to his hairy scalp that restraineth prayer before God.

Prayer is a creature's strength, his very breath and being :
Prayer is the golden key that can open the wicket of mercy ;
Prayer is the magic sound that saith to Fate, 'So be it ;'
Prayer is the tender nerve that moveth the muscles of
Omnipotence ;

Wherefore pray, O creature, for many and great are thy
wants.

Thy mind, thy conscience, and thy being, thy rights command
thee unto prayer,

The cure of all cares, the grand panacea for all pains, .
Doubt's destroyer, ruin's remedy, the antidote to all anxieties ;
So then God is true, and yet He hath not changed.

It is He that sendeth the petition, to answer it according to
His will."

In the autumn of the year 1860 Kingsley went up to Cambridge for his first residence. His inaugural lecture was subsequently printed as a book under the title of "The Roman and the Teuton." The students at Cambridge took readily to him, and pronounced that, whether they agreed with Kingsley or not, they liked him. And this because Kingsley aimed at practical benefit in all that he said and did. "Did you ever hear me preach?" Coleridge is said to have once asked a man. "I never heard you do anything else," was the somewhat sarcastical reply. Kingsley also was always preaching ; that is, he sought by all means and at all times to inculcate the great principles of righteousness, and to illustrate their consequences in daily life. And men love to be faithfully dealt with in God's name, if only the preacher be true to his Master and Lord. Kingsley's life well accorded with his own teachings, and although, to quote a South Sea phrase, "he was

watched with rat's eyes," there was no crookedness in him. Hence his preaching became attractive to young men, and under his skilful treatment history became a living and eloquent portrait gallery in which one might—

"Justify the ways of God to men."

Our Saviour is a justification of this method of teaching, for He took His texts from the incidents of daily life and the scenes of nature, which were thus made types and parables of nobler and Divine things. Of course, in all, Christ and His atonement are the central truth which explains and gives meaning to every secondary truth, but it is good not to forget that some needful truths are beautifully taught to us in nature which are preparatory for the greater revelations of grace.

It was a tribute both to Kingsley's personal merit and also to his ability as a tutor, that at the express desire of the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales was entrusted to his care for the study of modern history. In February 1861 Kingsley formed a private class, which consisted of eleven members, at his own house in Cambridge. The Prince of Wales rode over every morning to attend this class, and his diligence and dignified courtesy quite won his tutor's heart.

Kingsley had also learned to love the Prince Consort, whose noble qualities were only dimly discerned by the nation when he was taken away from

us, and it was therefore a personal bereavement to him when Prince Albert died. Then at last England, who had never previously understood the Prince, awoke to a sense of his high qualities, and intense sympathy was roused among all classes for the bereaved Queen. It is doubtful if history supplies another similar example of national sorrow at the death of a ruler as was witnessed when Prince Albert died. Death is busy everywhere, but men, by the wise arrangement of Providence, must not stay their labour because of weeping, and indeed the Divine medicine of work is one of the appointed remedies for bereavement. Kingsley, therefore, in spite of his sorrow, during this year finished his children's book which is entitled "*The Water-Babies.*"

Geology had long been a fascinating study to Kingsley, as it cannot but be to any one who has sufficient patience to master the initial difficulties. The testimony of the rocks he had regarded and interpreted to others, and the study of stones had been, almost as much as botany, his favourite relaxation. In the year 1862 his contributions to this science (which as yet is probably only in its infancy) were favourably recognised by the highest authority, for he was then elected as a Fellow of the Geological Society. All through his ministry Kingsley contended that there was no necessary antagonism between science and the Scriptures, nor indeed can there possibly ever be so. It is, of course, customary to regard the believers of revelation as chiefly in fault

for this hostility, but although they have had much to answer for upon this account, they are by no means the sole offenders. There has been, upon the part of some men of science at least, a disposition to square the supposed teachings of science, so as to damage the authority of the Bible. But that book is authenticated by evidence which is peculiar to itself, and which cannot be gainsaid, and while human interpretations of it may be erroneous, the divine facts and principles that are contained in it cannot be wrong. It is far better to await higher light than to assume a contradiction which in many cases, it is to be feared, is merely alleged as a mask for personal neglect of the Gospel and its claims. After all, many of the supposed contradictions may be dealt with upon the principle of the countryman who described a harmony of the Gospels as an attempt to make four men agree who had never fallen out!

God may be safely left to take care of what He Himself has revealed, and further search will only disclose deeper harmonies than ever have been known before. All knowledge is good, and if it be held devoutly, it may contribute to the growth of the spirit in truth and righteousness. Fighting, therefore, the battle of science against a narrow ecclesiasticism which will not admit the progress of mind, and combating, on the other hand, the dogmatism which ignores the Bible, Kingsley did his best to lead both to a higher view of God.

So he went his way quietly, as, on the whole, most lives are spent, until, in the year 1863, he was privileged to attend the wedding of the Prince of Wales. This was certainly the most popular royal wedding that had been seen for a long period in Britain, and Kingsley was much affected by it, for he devoutly loved his pupil. The affection was reciprocated, and when, in the following summer, the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Oxford, it was the express wish of the Prince that his tutor should receive the degree of D.C.L. But such intense opposition was made to this suggestion upon the part of those who obeyed Pusey as leader that the purpose was abandoned. The alleged reason for this persecution was the asserted immoral tendency of Kingsley's books. Whereas he had but portrayed facts which none but persistent eye-shutters could ignore, and had sought in his own way to remedy evils which were too great for others to do more than forget. Kingsley felt the blow keenly, but he bowed to it in the spirit which King David manifested when Shimei cursed him: "So let him curse, because the Lord hath said unto him, Curse David."

CHAPTER IX.

'GAINST POPES OF VARIOUS DEGREE.

“Oh how skilful grows the hand
That obeyeth love's command !
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth love's behest
Far exceedeth all the rest.”

—LONGFELLOW.

“Ah, alas ! how many weeds
In my heart I've cherished,
And how many precious seeds
Through neglect have perished !”

—DOWDING.

“God's Jacobs wrestle with God, but none shall wrestle with them and prevail.”—SPURGEON.

“THRASH THEM WELL”—CONTROVERSY WITH NEWMAN—
VISIT TO SPAIN—THE TWO REVELATIONS—THE FRANCO-
GERMAN WAR—ATTACKED AGAIN.

THE interpreter who accompanied the first missionaries into Basuto Land suggested one day that the best method of converting his fellow-countrymen would be to thrash them well ! “I will help you,” said he, “and you shall see how well I can handle my whip. The only way of getting any-

thing into these fellows is by blows." This has been the long-accepted method of the Papacy, and such is its spirit to-day. It goes without saying that such a man as Kingsley was could not avoid a conflict with the far-reaching power of Romanism. The whole system, in its aggressive inroads into home life, and especially in its offensive and degrading teachings with regard to marriage, aroused his martial ardour, and he did his utmost to combat it as a national peril. It was not, however, that Romanists in themselves were hateful to Kingsley; for, on the contrary, he fully admitted the virtues and patriotism of many of them; but Papacy, as a crafty enemy of married life, and especially as a political menace, incensed him. He was, moreover, consulted by many persons who were lured by the tempting baits that such a system offers to distressed souls, while others earnestly seeking for help and light upon the greatest of all questions asked him for aid which he could not refuse. In almost all his books Kingsley returned to the attack upon the system which, through the Tractarian revival, then seemed likely to subdue all England; and, as will be seen, he even crossed swords with Cardinal Newman himself, who was not only a Papal dignitary, but also one of the most accomplished controversialists of the day. Every effort counts in such a mortal conflict, and Kingsley was able to save very many persons from the strong delusion and the remorseful awakening which reconciliation with Rome involves for those

who are deluded into the spider's web. Hating the Papal tyranny as one of the worst forms of existing superstition, Kingsley unwittingly found himself involved, in the year 1865, in a controversy with Cardinal Newman. He was without a doubt out-matched, for his antagonist was one of the most subtle disputants of the day, but probably most Englishmen felt that Kingsley lost no honour in the unequal struggle.

Weary and unwell, Kingsley accepted an invitation to pay a visit to Spain. The Iberian Peninsula will always be interesting to Britons, if only for its connection with Wellington; but quite apart from this special interest, it presents to a student of human nature peculiar features which are nowhere else so prominent. Its decline and fall are one of the most signal instances of the decay which follows the Saviour's curse. Some day a better Gibbon will point out the lessons of Spain's downfall as a present-day appeal to human needs, and a lesson for human care and study.

This change of scene did Kingsley much good, although it was not a sufficiently long holiday to restore him to perfect health once more. In these days of rapid living, men are tempted to forget that there are laws of health which cannot be disobeyed, and which, if neglected, avenge themselves upon the transgressor. During the autumn of this same year of grace Kingsley added to his other employments, for he was then appointed one of the select preachers

for the University of Cambridge. He then delivered four sermons upon the life of King David, and these discourses awakened considerable interest among the graduates. The life-story of the man after God's own heart will always be of spiritual importance to all Christian people, and among all the heroes of faith David continues to hold the chief place. These and other labours so much exhausted Kingsley, that he was compelled to take another complete rest, which he obtained upon the eastern coast of England. Yet, while his physical and mental exhaustion prevented his attempting for a time any further service, Kingsley continued keenly sensitive to the solemn realities of the Gospel. To him the truths of revelation were solid realities, and God was ever intensely present and vivid to his imagination. It was this realisation of God's nearness which made science such an attractive study to Charles Kingsley; he felt keenly that which Cowper has said of the true man :—

“He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers; his to enjoy
With a propriety which none can feel
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And, smiling, say, ‘My Father made them all.’
Are they not his by a peculiar right?
And by an emphasis of interest his?
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,

Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That planned and built and still upholds a world
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man ?”

With such a belief it is no wonder that Kingsley was able to drink delight from all nature, and that in spite of ill health he continued to work at what he believed to be his peculiar mission.

His circle of friends was narrowed during the year 1865 by the death of Dr. Whewell, who had been, during a long life, a leader in every movement for university progress and reform. But Cambridge possessed a new interest for Kingsley, because his eldest son was now studying there under his father's eye. The gentry of the town and its vicinity also welcomed Kingsley heartily to their homes, so that his residence in Cambridge was extremely pleasant to him. His affectionate, open spirit fascinated his hosts, and from the stores of his ready mental wealth he drew that which unconsciously enriched them in heart and home. Such men as Kingsley are utterly unconscious of the enormous influence for good which they exert upon their friends and circumstances, but they are the choicest gifts of God to the world. Nor, amid the honours which were beginning to crowd out of his memory the contempt and suspicion with which he had been for long years regarded by the upper classes, did Kingsley neglect or forget the poor. Indeed, a deepening interest in them marked his extending

influence over their wealthier brethren, and he did not relax his efforts in order to benefit them. In his own parish of Eversley, Kingsley did his utmost in order to brighten the lives of those who are familiar with forms of distress and anxiety that are unknown to the classes who are relieved from the pressure of poverty. To the labouring poor of the agricultural districts life is intensely weary and hopelessly barren, and Kingsley was one of the earliest pioneers in the efforts which are now being made with so much success in every parish in order to educate and interest the poor. He instituted a series of penny readings, which were interspersed with concerts for them, and he employed all other available methods of awakening the torpid mental energies of the people. A narrow and ignorant religionism, which leaves out of sight the triumphs of art and music, cannot attract or help the miserable masses; for while it is true that something more is required for the social and moral regeneration of the people than good music or a knowledge of the English poets, it is also true that these things are handmaids of the Gospel, and may be made both subservient to its purposes and helpful to its mission. Kingsley believed in the use of every lawful means in the best of all services; he was indeed all things to all men, as was St. Paul, if by any means that he might save some. "Let us glorify the room," one was accustomed to say when he drew up the blinds, that the sunlight might stream in; Kingsley believed that

every ray of sunlight came from God, and he welcomed all that would brighten the dreary lives of men. It was this spirit that won for Kingsley the intense love which many men who ordinarily despised Christian ministers felt for him; he was able to strike points of union which made them regard him as a friend. And, above all things, he was real, and had no cant in him.

His political insight was keen and his instincts acute, but Kingsley was sometimes grossly mistaken with regard to political matters. For example, during the summer of the year 1866 he took part in a banquet which was given at Southampton to Eyre, who, as Governor of Jamaica, had provoked a rebellion, which he had afterwards repressed with needless cruelty. The majority of educated Englishmen felt that Eyre had also been guilty of a foul crime in his execution of Gordon, who was personally obnoxious to him, but Kingsley, perhaps deluded by Carlyle, publicly expressed his sympathy with him. This may perhaps be partially attributed to the fact that Eyre stood alone and condemned by almost the whole body of the nation, but it is a pity that Kingsley was upon the wrong side. With regard to the Franco-Prussian war, Kingsley was in sympathy with his fellow-countrymen, for he heartily rejoiced at the Prussian successes. The sympathies of most Britons were entirely with Germany in her resistance of the unprovoked and cruel invasion which Napoleon attempted for pur-

poses of his own; he, with many others, realised also what a menace to the well-being and liberties of Europe the triumph of France would mean, and for that reason, among others, Kingsley rejoiced at her defeat. At the same time, his sagacious eye detected that Germany should, for her own future safety, and in order to prevent any such attack as Napoleon had planned, demand the annexation of Alsace.

Peace in his own life was not, however, to continue long, for during the next year (1868) he was so much disturbed by the attacks that were made upon him, that he seriously thought of resigning his professorship. His lectures were then the subject of a keen and bitter attack, which was the expression of personal spite, and Kingsley felt that no other course was open to him but to resign his post. But the sage counsel of disinterested friends induced him to suspend his action for a year, if for no other reason than to prevent the triumph of those who had hoped thus to expel him from his position of influence. Kingsley, to his advantage, possessed the terrible calmness under attack which is a characteristic of our nation; for that awful British silence which has again and again awed our enemies is a potent moral force of no small value in controversy. And, like a wise man, he was too busy to waste his time in personal squabbles while so much remained for him to do. The Saviour's reply to persistent and hateful opposition was to continue His work,

and this is probably always the best course for His followers to take. It requires great self-restraint and strong patience to be able to do this, but it, after all, is the best answer to our enemies.

A terrible home-sorrow fell upon Kingsley in this year of 1868, for then his eldest son left home in order to begin a new life amidst the prairies and tropical forests of South America. The breaking-up of a home is always acute anguish to parents who love their children, and Charles Kingsley felt bitterly the first break in his happy family circle. Of course families must be scattered, that thus the world may be influenced for right and for good, but the process is a very painful one to the parents. For just as a field is converted into a meadow by sporadic patches of grass, which grow out until they have changed the whole face of the country, so by the separate action of those who were once united in Christian families will the world be won for Christ and possessed by His Spirit. It is, of course, good for the world, but the benefit is, as all good things must be in this world, purchased at the cost of much pain.

CHAPTER X.

APPRECIATED TOO LATE; OR, TRUE AFTER ALL.

“In His will is our peace.”

—DANTE.

“To meet, to know, to love, to part,

Is the sad tale of many a human heart.”

—COLERIDGE.

“He extremely resembled a rural George the Fourth, with an expansive, healthy, benevolent eagerness of sympathy in his face, and greatly resembled him as a type of British character.”—PRÆTERITA.

CANON OF CHESTER—TAKING ROOT ONCE MORE—“ALL OVER
BUT THE SHOUTING!”—LAST WORDS—INTO NEW AND
HIGHER SERVICE.

THE year 1869 saw Kingsley relinquishing his duties as Professor at Cambridge. He left the University, having secured many valuable friendships during his brief course there, besides contributing not a little to the education of many young men whose after-life was richly influenced by his teaching.

In December 1869 Mr. Kingsley with his daughter started for the West Indies, in acceptance of an invitation from his friend, Sir Arthur

Gordon, who was then Governor of Trinidad. With him Kingsley spent the Christmas of 1869, and having at last realised his fondest hopes and gazed upon the fairyland of which he had dreamed from his childhood, he returned home refreshed and re-inspired for the brief period of service that was yet before him. He returned also to new honour, for by Mr. Gladstone's influence he had been appointed Canon of Chester, and on the 1st of May 1870 Canon Kingsley went up for his first three months' residence there. "Chester," says George Borrow, "is an ancient town with walls and gates, a prison called a castle, built on the site of an ancient keep, an unpretending-looking red sandstone cathedral, two or three handsome churches, several good streets and certain curious places called rows. The Chester row is a broad arched stone gallery running parallel with the street within the façades of the houses; it is partly open on the side of the street, and just one storey above it. Within the rows, of which there are three or four, are shops, every shop being on that side which is farthest from the street. All the best shops in Chester are to be found in the rows. These rows, to which you ascend by stairs up narrow passages, were originally built for the security of the wares of the principal merchants against the Welsh. Should the mountaineers break into the town, as they frequently did, they might rifle some of the common shops, where their

booty would be slight, but those which contained the more costly articles would be beyond their reach. For at the first alarm the doors of the passages up which the stairs led would be closed, and all access to the upper streets cut off from the open arches, of which missiles of all kinds, kept ready for such occasions, could be discharged upon the intruders, who would be soon glad to beat a retreat."

Kingsley was soon at home in this ancient city, and its warm-hearted people speedily became as devotedly attached to him as the west country folk had been. During his residences in Chester, Canon Kingsley, as we must now call him, added to his official duties special efforts on behalf of the young men of the town. He started for their benefit a class to which he taught his favourite science of Botany. This effort was crowned with singular success, and so much encouraged him that in the course of the following year (1871) he ventured to add a series of Geological lectures and studies to his Botanical lectures. And he dared to speak out to his young men upon the special perils to which vigorous immature youth is exposed; his protest which was then published against gambling might be widely scattered with advantage to-day. It were to be wished that similar subjects would oftener engage the attention of the Christian Church, for they constitute the most serious perils to its existence. Kingsley's mind was eminently practical, and that in religion as well as in other things. This was

seen in the effect which was produced upon him by the serious illness of the Prince of Wales. For some days the fever seemed as if it must prove fatal, and Kingsley shared to the utmost the national anxiety which was felt as the life of the Prince hovered in the balance. As soon as Kingsley learned that the Prince was out of danger, he took care to point out how preventible such diseases were, if only the rules of health were observed. In a thanksgiving sermon which, as one of the Royal chaplains, Canon Kingsley preached at the Chapel-Royal, London, he pressed those views upon his audience. For Kingsley believed in the sacredness of life, and in the duty which lies upon every one to preserve it as long as may be.

He himself had need of a faithful counsellor to check him in his too arduous efforts, for in 1872 symptoms of paralysis appeared as a result of overwork. It has been said that in a certain northern city most men who have succeeded in obtaining a competence die early from lack of definite and useful employment. It is to be feared, however, that few are thus stricken down when compared with the multitudes who are worn out by the fearful pace at which they must live. With a great number of persons, existence is a slow death in order to secure the means which are required to live, and nature rings her alarm-bells in vain. Kingsley might have prolonged his life had he been content to vegetate for a few years, but, after all, long

life is by no means the highest nor even an unmixed good. Many a man survives his reputation or his power to benefit others, who, had he died before this torpor came upon him, would have been canonised as a martyr and a hero. Yet, on the other hand, it may be questioned if a man has a right by excessive labour to deprive his family of the comfort of his presence, for upon those who are left behind falls the bitterness of grief when a good man goes to his rest.

With Canon Kingsley the end of his life was rapidly drawing near, although he knew it not. One of Frith's pictures is entitled, "All over but the shouting," which also was true in this case. But just as earthly things were slipping from his grasp, honour came to Kingsley when it was too late for him to enjoy or to employ it with advantage. In the year 1873 Kingsley was appointed Canon of Westminster, an honour which relieved him from pecuniary anxieties, and also gratified him intensely. Dean Stanley was then at the Deanery, and very heartily he welcomed his father's friend to Westminster. For two years only Kingsley enjoyed the privileges which the new position afforded to him for fulfilling his life-work, and then he passed beyond the veil. Monod said that upon his tombstone he should like to have the words written, "Here endeth the first lesson." Kingsley's first lesson ended in the year 1875.

On the 29th of November 1874 Canon Kingsley

preached in Westminster Abbey, and the next day he took a slight chill. He disregarded this, and with his wife he returned home to Eversley. There the greatest sorrow which can befall a mortal man threatened him, for it seemed as if his wife must be taken from him. He did his utmost to console and to support her for the terrible struggle which every one dreads, without for a moment dreaming that he himself must pass through the dark valley first and alone. He was too much alarmed and distressed at the magnitude of the threatened calamity to think of himself, and he was consequently somewhat careless of his personal comfort. The cold now settled upon him, and it speedily developed into pneumonia. On the morning of the 23rd of January 1875 he passed away, and so gentle was the parting that the watchers beside his bed knew not the exact moment when he began to live in the truest sense. Then, as is often the case, men began to appreciate him, and his burial was a national tribute to his worth and value. He was buried, at his own express wish, in the churchyard at Eversley. "The churchyard," says a recent writer, "is entered through a picturesque wych-gate, and the short approach is by an avenue of cypresses. In a corner of this crowded and sequestered God's acre, a monument is placed over the grave of Charles Kingsley. The name and date of his death, January 23, 1875, are carved upon the pedestal, and around the head of the

cross are the words, "God is Love." The grave is close to the boundary-wall, and is overshadowed by one of the outlying branches of a venerable Scotch fir in the Rectory grounds, which are separated from the churchyard by a low iron railing."

CHAPTER XI.

DEAD, BUT YET SPEAKING.

“If man be only born to die,
Whence this inheritance of hope?
Wherefore to him alone were lent
Riches that never can be spent?
Enough, not more, to all the rest,
For life and happiness was given;
To man, mysteriously unblest,
Too much for any state but heaven.”

—MONTGOMERY.

“The absence of years has only served to deepen in me the conviction that no gift can be more valuable than the recollection and the inspiration of a great character working on our own. I hope that you may all experience this at some time of your life, as I have done.”—DEAN STANLEY.

HERO-WORSHIP—GOOD IN THE WORST AND BAD IN THE BEST
OF MEN—KINGSLEY’S FAULTS OF DEFECT CHIEFLY—HIS
INFLUENCE LIKELY TO LAST.

It is scarcely possible for any one to study the life and works of such a man as Charles Kingsley without incurring, during the reading, a danger of something that is very much like that of hero-worship. This is even true of many who are not good men, because we can discover in the very worst of men traces of good, which may perhaps

humiliate us to find how much superior to ourselves in some things men whom we condemn and despise have been. This is one of the benefits of biography, and this it is which makes it so practically useful to all men who will but use it wisely. The lives of evil men are thus not only beacons to warn us from doing wrong, but they are also examples to shame us from some faults that they escaped. With great and good men, on the other hand, it may be disappointing, but it is also assuring to us, when we discover that they were not perfect, but that, on the contrary, they blundered as we may do. It is not, therefore, in any captious spirit that we should seek to see wherein they erred, in order not only that we may not follow them in wrong-doing, but that we may, in spite of our own errors, be inspired to do in our lives what they did upon a larger scale in theirs.

Most men are easily divisible into classes ; and Christian teachers are associated into parties which are sharply defined. Canon Kingsley was, however, a class by himself, and we cannot assign to him a position within any recognised party lines. He was certainly not an Evangelical, although traces of his early training lingered, perhaps unconsciously, in him. His mental architecture and his likings for sport unfitted him for the position of a profound theologian. He also lacked altogether the high qualities which Hooker and other great divines possessed. Yet Kingsley's influence is far greater

than even Hooker himself upon the active religious thought of our time. For Englishmen do not so much care for doctrinal controversies as for practical life, and just because he exposed real evils and attempted to grapple with present-day sins, Kingsley was popular. His faults as a theologian were indeed rather in defect than in excess; for while he evidently held the vicarious atonement of our Lord, he unwisely did not assign to it the prominence which it holds in the Scriptures. Kingsley followed Maurice almost slavishly, and that perhaps accounts for his mental deficiencies. And upon the future-life question Kingsley took up a position which he undoubtedly believed to be true, and imagined, as those who hold similar views often do, that declamation and invective can prove that which requires argument. The question is not to be settled by an appeal to human feelings, for human feelings, after all, must be adjusted to Divine facts. Whatever God does must be right, and to express one's opinions in the tone that Kingsley and George Macdonald have sometimes employed, amounts to constructive blasphemy.

Kingsley as a religious teacher is the exponent of strong common-sense, and manliness, which disregards drapery, and realises the fact that the Gospel is a living message for to-day. Latimer two hundred years ago thus expressed this truth in his famous sermon on "The Plough." "Christ is a continual sacrifice in effect, fruit, operation, and virtue; as

though He had from the beginning of the world, and continually should to the world's end, hang still on the cross; and He is as fresh hanging on the cross now to them that believe and trust in Him as He was fifteen hundred years ago, when He was crucified." The Evangelical party has also too much left the care for the present life to Secularists, and here Kingsley corrected them. It is, indeed, as a social reformer, and an advocate for the helpless and friendless, that Kingsley was chiefly eminent. He helped to fight the battle of the Chartists, of the victims of our vicious trade system, of the agricultural labourers, and of others who had no other friend. His books are not only a picture of the times which they represent, but they are expressions of the threatening evils which muttered and rumbled below the surface of society, and in some measure do so still.

But, above all things, Kingsley was a man of God; and even when we differ from him, it is with a painful sense of how inferior we are to him in some things that are especially Christian traits of character. His life was full of holy impulses to earnest activity, and therefore he may be accounted as pre-eminently a man with a mission. And we all have a similar trust committed into our charge for which, indeed, we shall give an account—we are entrusted with much of the comfort and the power to serve of our brethren. Only when we rise to a lofty conception of our powers and seek God's help to enable

us to use them rightly can we win the high praise that, like Kingsley, we have served our generation.

As a delineator of character we must assign a very high place to Kingsley. His conceptions of the ideal life were very pure and lofty, and he was careful to maintain his own standard all through his writings. In his books it is true that there are some facts and some characters which shock and offend the susceptibilities of nervous Christian people. But these things are to be found in the world in which we live, and similar imperfections may be seen in those who perhaps live next door to us. The eye to see these things is not possessed by all men ; and one feels that the artist vision is a part of a novelist's equipment. "I do not see these things in Nature," said a lady to Turner the artist ; and he replied, "No, Madam ; don't you wish that you could see them ?" The power of seeing is not possessed by all persons, for only the prophet is described as one "who has had his eyes opened." The gift has its penalty, it is true, for there is much that pains in a keen inspection both of life and of those who live it around us. Kingsley saw our glorious constitution, and those who suffered under it, and saw, too, that they were men of flesh and blood, who felt keenly the wrongs that were inflicted upon them. To him "the people" were so many reproductions of himself, with power to love, to hate, to suffer, and to know God. He dared to associate with infidels and political agitators, and he found that these men had

some reason for complaint, for both the Church and the Government had ill-used them. It required some courage for a clergyman to do as Kingsley did; nowadays such conduct would win praise rather than the reverse, but the authorities thought otherwise when Kingsley set himself to understand the evils that he hoped to lessen. That he did see them, and accurately portray them, we are assured by those who knew the evil dens, the foulness of which he exposed, and the consequent suffering for which he sought a remedy.

Since Kingsley began his work a social revolution has indeed been wrought in England, and he has been not the least of the workers who have secured victory.

Upon the whole, it seems to us that the true work of Kingsley was accomplished by means of his novels, which, since their recent reissue in a popular form, have been sold by millions. They, and not the sermons, are being read in all quarters, and their opinions are being assimilated by many who say little about them, and thus "he being dead, yet speaketh."

It may seem to be superfluous to enumerate them, but the publishers were certainly wise in placing "Westward Ho!" at the head of their list. Kingsley intensely hated the Jesuits, as indeed every thoughtful patriot must do, and he spared no scorn in order that he might warn his readers against their seductions.

"Admit the simoom if you will," says Dr. Wylie

in his sketch of the Jesuits. "As it sweeps along over our land, it will strip tree and field, and lay their blossoms in the dust; but the next spring will restore their perished honours. Admit the plague if you will. It will make many a corpse, it will dig many a grave, and call forth on the highway the mournful pomp of many a funeral procession; but a few years will pass, and again the merry laugh of boyhood and girlhood will be heard on our streets, and new forms, stately and stalwart, will arise to fight our battles and plough our fields and carry on the business of life. But let the Jesuit enter, and it will be the dread spectacle seen by the apocalyptist when he beheld and, 'Lo, a pale horse, and he that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him.' It is not the bodies of living men merely that the Jesuits will trample into the grave. It is the manhood, the virtue, the patriotism, the piety, of the land which he will waste and trample down. All that is lovely, and noble, and good, will wither and die under the sirocco breath of Jesuitism."

These words are not the utterance of a tyro, but of a man who may almost claim to be a specialist upon this subject, and they are therefore entitled to the most profound respect. Kingsley felt as Dr. Wylie does, and he wove his teaching into a tale in which the effects of Jesuit teaching and the natural results of Romanism are vividly shown. It is true that at present there is terrible apathy in England

upon these matters. Mr. Stead is smitten with intense affection for the Papacy and Cardinal Manning, and those who do not agree with him regard the Papacy as they do the Mormons or the believers in the Identity of the English nation with the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel. It will require, we fear, some signal catastrophe, perhaps a revival of persecution, to prove to the present generation that the Papacy is unchanged, and is as much a menace to individual piety and national greatness as it ever was.

It may be objected that such important truths should not have been committed to a novel, but that they required a more dignified vehicle. Yet no one complains of the method by which a patient is cured, or a child enticed away from the tiger's lair; so long as the peril is averted and the people are saved, the method may be safely left to the doer's own judgment. It may be given to one to accomplish his life-purpose by

“Mighty deeds and great,”

while another may employ ornaments of rhyme; Kingsley chose the romance.

Scattered up and down the book there are exquisite sentences that embody sentiments which are as important to-day as they were at the time that they were first penned. For example, upon one page of “Westward Ho!” we find these noble sentences:—

“‘*The prerogative of a man is to be bold against himself.*’

“ ‘How, sir?’

“ ‘*To conquer our own fancies, Amyas, and our own lusts, or our ambition, in the sacred name of duty; this it is to be truly brave and truly strong, for he who cannot rule himself, how can he rule his creed and his fortunes?*’ ”

He describes also a man “*who wanted but one step to greatness, and that was this, that in his hurry to rule all the world he forgot to rule himself.*”

The next passage that we select from the same book supplies the keynote of Kingsley’s teaching:—

“ ‘I have tried to hint to you two opposite sorts of men. The one trying to be good with all his might and main, according to certain approved methods and rules which he has got by heart, and, like a weak oarsman, feeling and fingering his spiritual muscles over all day, to see if they are growing. The other, not even knowing whether he is good or not, but just doing the right thing without thinking about it, as simply as a little child, because the Spirit of God is with him. If you cannot see the great gulf fixed between the two, I trust that you will discover it some day.’ ”

Which sentence might stand as a text for all Kingsley’s novels. In each there is exhibited the contrast between the unconscious piety of the man who is often despised as an outsider and a publican, and the obtrusive self-conscious religion of the man who wearies himself and others about self-inspection and puerile trivialities instead of striving to do

his duty through the strength that comes through faith in Christ. "Westward Ho!" abounds in passages that might be read and quoted with advantage oftener than they are. For example, there is an awful amount of truth in the sarcastical sentences: "'Go to, lad! Slander thy equals, envy thy betters, pray for an eye which sees spots in every sun, and for a vulture's nose to scent carrion in every rose-bed. If thy friend win a battle, show that he has needlessly thrown away his men; if he lose one, hint that he sold it; if he rise to a great place, argue favour; if he lose it, argue Divine justice. Believe nothing, hope nothing, but endure all things, even to kicking, if aught may be got thereby; so shalt thou be clothed in purple and fine linen, and sit in kings' palaces, and fare sumptuously every day.'" There are, alas! many who can say with Salterne: "'I am a man who has all his life tried the crooked road first, and found the straight one safer after all.'"

Kingsley's own conception of his office he has depicted in graphic words thus:—

"'No wonder that young men, as the parsons complain so loudly, will not listen to the Gospel while it is presented to them by men on whom they cannot but look down; a set of soft-headed fellows who cannot dig and are ashamed to beg; and, as my brother has it, must be parsons before they are men.'

"'Ay,' said Frank; 'and even though we may excuse that in Popish priests and friars, who are

vowed not to be men, and get their bread shamefully and rascally by telling sinners who owe a hundred measures to sit down quickly and take their bill and write fifty; yet for a priest of the Church of England (whose business it is not merely to smuggle sinful souls up the backstairs into heaven, but to make men good Christians by making them good men, good gentlemen, and good Englishmen) to show the white feather in the hour of need, is to unpreach in one minute all that he had been preaching his life long.’”

In our judgment the book is wholly good, and will impart vigour and act as a tonic to any young man who will read it through once or twice thoughtfully and carefully, not only in order to obtain amusement from it, but also in order to allow its iron and steel to impregnate his mind and soul. Next to “Tom Brown’s Schooldays,” which it naturally much resembles, there is no manlier book in our language, and its bracing spirit is contagious and beneficial, as all who have read it must confess.

Next in importance as a moral force we should place “Alton Locke,” which, if read side by side with Thomas Cooper’s life, will be felt by all to be a truthful picture—perhaps a portrait. It is true that there are some passages which, if taken from their connection, are untrue in fact, but the book as a whole is one which should and will enlarge the heart, and dispose it to see brethren and friends where perhaps it previously only saw foes.

As a work of art, "Hypatia" is generally considered the best of all Kingsley's works, but we have never been able to kindle under it as we have always done under "Westward Ho!" For one thing, the teachings of the book upon the after-life are, we believe, unscriptural; and for another thing we have no great admiration of Arsenius nor even for Cyril.

"Two Years Ago" is a work of another character, and it contains some passages that Kingsley never surpassed. The character of Tom Thurnall resembles Kingsley in many points; he is, indeed, the nineteenth century Esau. For Esau does not hunt much now, but he still glories in his strength, and does not think much about God or the life to come. He knows nothing about them; he does not pray, nor feel any desire to do so, because he is absorbed in the practical duties of life. The manner in which Kingsley deals with this type of character is splendid; we are charmed as Tom Thurnall at last comes to feel his defect and to seek God.

We hear that the vivid and awful description of the night that Vavasour spent upon Snowdon led to the conversion of a wanderer who had lost his way through life, and we do not wonder at it, for the word-painting is awful and grand, resembling, indeed, one of Martin's pictures.

With "Hereward the Wake" we confess that we find no sympathy whatever. The tale is a sad one, and we fancy that the topic was not so congenial

to Kingsley as were the subjects of his previous stories. That it is readable, and will do good, we can quite believe, for we cannot imagine that Kingsley could write anything that would not be interesting and beneficial in some degree, but it certainly is far below "Westward Ho!" or even "Alton Locke," in diction, and in its possession of that subtle somewhat that we may define as the soul of a book.

Of his other works no mention need be made here, for long after his essays and sermons cease to be read, Kingsley's novels will be read and studied. For human life is much the same in every age, and its sufferings are essentially the same, as also the remedies for its misery are identical for all. Wesley in his journals tells us about a revenue officer who while dying gasped out feebly, "I—WANT—CHRIST." This is the real want of all men, and of the world at large; they—want—Christ; and it is the business of all who love Christ to bring Him into living contact with the dying seeking myriads. We believe that, in his own way, Kingsley did bring Christ to men, and that because of this his novels will live and exert a beneficial influence for years to come. As to whether he might not have accomplished more had he not held certain beliefs that he felt bound to publish, is quite another question; let us remember that the coxswain of the lifeboat who has expended his energies in bringing some of the shipwrecked safely to shore cannot very well be

censured because others who stood upon the shore suppose that he might have rescued more.

Dean Stanley, who understood and consequently loved Kingsley, in the funeral sermon that he preached for his friend at Westminster Abbey speaks thus of his character: "I would fain recall some of those higher strains which, amid manifold imperfections acknowledged by none more freely than himself, placed him unquestionably among the conspicuous teachers of his age, and gave to his voice the power of reaching souls to which other preachers and teachers addressed themselves in vain. . . . (He was what he was, not by virtue of his office, but by virtue of what God made him in himself.) . . . He was sent by Providence, as it were, far off to the Gentiles—far off, not to other lands or other races of mankind, but far off from the usual sphere of minister or priest, to 'fresh woods and pastures new,' to find fresh worlds of thought and wild tracts of character in which he found a response for himself because he gave a response to them. . . . Scholar, poet, novelist, he yet felt himself to be, with all and before all, a spiritual teacher and guide. . . . Amidst all the wavering inconstancy of our time, he called upon men of his generation, with a steadfastness and assured conviction that of itself steadied and reassured the minds of those for whom he spoke, to stand fast in the faith."

Nothing need be added to these noble words, except to express a wish that it may be the testimony of those who come after us that our influence upon them has been what Kingsley's influence has been to many, wholly for good.

"Life is a serious thing," says the German Schiller; a conviction of its intense seriousness should compel us to right and worthy efforts to employ it for the highest purposes. "I cannot do without the man Christ Jesus," was Kingsley's heartfelt confession, and in the faith and conviction that prompted it are the secret of his manliness and usefulness. This faith in Christ Jesus counteracted his errors, strengthened his heart, and made him one of the successful workers in the world.

"They who would be something more
Than they who feast and laugh and die will hear
The voice of duty as the note of war,
Nerving their spirits to great enterprise,
And knitting every sinew for the charge.
Who do, and who have done,
All that has ever aided man to free
Himself imperfectly from grosser self,
And made his seeing pure ;—such souls sublime
Will never want for blessed joy in work,
Working for Duty, which can never die."

—WOOLNER.

THE END.

~~X 178~~

X 209

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: April 2009

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 494 317 A

